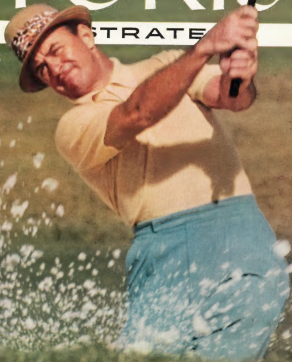


JUNE 11, 1956

# SPORTS

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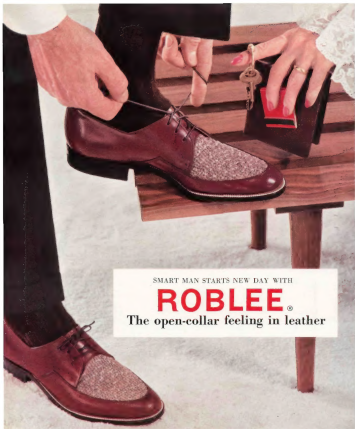
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**COVER:** SAM SNEAD  
Photograph by Hy Pinfis

The swing of Slazenski's Sam Snead, familiar to golfing fans for 20 years, will be followed with particular interest this year at the Oak Hill Country Club in Rochester, N.Y., as this veteran makes his 16th bid for a U.S. Open title. In a career which has seen him win more money and more times than any other golfer, this is the only major tournament he has never won. For more about him, and this year's Open, see page 28.

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The shades of Ruth are rising fast, and here is the story behind the season's booming bats and a look at that golden hitter, Mickey Vernon

### FINISTERRE: A SAILOR'S DREAM

A stem-to-stern look in diagrams and color pictures at the epitome of a racing-cruising yacht as she starts in the Bermuda race





JIMMY JEMAIL'S

## HOTBOX

### The Question:

*As a college athletic director,  
what is your biggest headache?  
(Asked at the Eastern Colleges  
Athletic Conference.)*

#### COMMANDER JOHN S. MERRINAH



U.S. Coast Guard  
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New England AC

The national debt. We are a government institution. The national debt is so enormous that we don't get enough money for our athletic program. We have only two full-time coaches, one for football and the other for rowing. All our coaches is the other sports are volunteers.

#### JAMES MCDERMOTT



Iona College

Scheduling athletic contests. Iona is only 15 years old. Even so, we have outgrown our small school beginning. Now we're too big for most of the colleges we played 10 years ago. It's like Notre Dame playing us. Also, the bigger colleges with athletic reputations don't want to risk losing to Iona College.

#### ERNEST B. MCCOY



Penn State

The budget. It must carry 13 sports. Football brings in the big revenue. Scheduling is a problem, for we can't have the "girls" alone in mind. Schedules are made three years in advance. The games are good when scheduled, but they may not be good for the "joke" when played three years later.

#### GENERAL F. L. SADLER



Lakeland University  
President, ECAC

Arranging satisfactory schedules for all sports, and particularly football, to satisfy our students and the alumni. We can't please everybody. Although we do our best, we have to no uncertain terms from those who don't like our schedules. When we don't have a fair season, the headaches are bigger.

#### DELANEY KIPPHUTH



Yale University

Rain. The fact that I consider this my biggest headache shows that mine is a good job. That's all I have to worry about. Those who think my job is rough and hazardous are wrong. It's a happy job I enjoy tremendously. We lost two football games on a dry field and won when it was wet.

#### JEREMIAH FORD III



University of  
Pennsylvania

You'd think my biggest headache would be not having won a football game in two years. Actually, everyone has been wonderful, a sign of maturity among our students and alumni. How can I have a headache when we had last year's world championship crew here at Penn?

#### BOB KANE



Carroll

Finances. If we have a poor season in sports, we absorb money that ordinarily goes to academic purposes. Since education is the prime factor in college life, I don't like to put a strain on the overall budget. I know that this is a prime concern of all the athletic directors in our conference.

#### ADMIRAL TOM HAMILTON



University of  
Pittsburgh

Dealing with the joker who thinks he is such an influential individual. He generally shows up after an absence of two or three years and thinks you should have seats for him and his party on the 50-yard line. Sometimes he is an influential individual. Then it's a real headache.

#### JOHN E. CONLEY



Boston College

The allocation of tickets for our top football games. It's impossible to satisfy everyone. There are only so many seats between the end zones. Sometimes the greatest headache of the college are the last to apply for tickets to the big game. You always offend some fine persons.

#### J. SHODER BARR



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make them the equal of men in  
big-game faking?*



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**Publisher** H. H. S. Phillips Jr.  
**Advertising Director** William W. Holman

Subscriptions: Within the U.S., Canada, and U.S. Possessions except Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr. \$7.50.

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# AMERICAN LEAGUE? PHOOEY!

So says *SI* Correspondent James Murray, emboldened by the booming bats of the Nationals in a week of 122 home runs. The formulator of Murray's Law, which sees baseball history as a series of recurrent cycles, Murray is no junior circuit upstart but a deadily serious fan who (in the days before his current disenchantment) named his oldest son

for Ted Williams. Fan Murray is fully prepared to defend his stand all summer long. If need be, against all serious dissenters. We only request that all letter writers include, as *prima-facie* evidence of their true qualifications and earnestness of purpose, either the serial stub of a big league admission ticket or the tuning knob of their TV set

by JAMES MURRAY

NOT so many years ago, two baseball fans were discussing the state of the American League pennant race when an eavesdropper interrupted them with a brave but futile "What about the race in the National?" The American Leaguers withered him with scorn: "Buster," they told him, "we're talking about the big leagues." It was about the same time another baseball seer was moved to observe sourly, "All

baseball is divided into three parts: the American League, the National League—and the New York Yankees." Then he thought a moment and added, "On second thought, you can scratch the National League."

But that was the past. It is almost midseason 1966 now, and there is probably no clearer or surer fact in baseball than that things have changed. The evidence is in. It's the American League which is beginning to look bush. The National League is becoming the bully

boy of baseball. The game has undergone a revolution, and it is the purpose of this article to explore the scope of that far-reaching change.

In order to do so it is necessary to refresh oneself on the extent to which the National League was tyrannized by the American League in the 36-odd years before the overthrow. Since 1933 and up to 1955 the National League had lost 22 out of 31 World Series and 12 out of the first 14 All-Star Games. More often than not, it had lost humiliatingly. To be sure, the New York Yankees were the palace gang behind the tyranny. Of the 22 American League Series victories, the Yankees had won a staggering 16—six of them in four straight. In the All-Star parade

continued on next page

DRAWINGS BY MARC SIMONT



## AMERICAN LEAGUE

continued from page 21

of American League victories, it was usually Yankee bats which had cowed the National Leaguers into submission.

The situation became so bad that a loud braying was set up from time to time to "Break up the Yankees!" But the cold facts of the matter were that not even this would have let the senior league out of the dungeon. The truth

there was no room for wild-swinging sluggers.

McGraw's Giants, who had won the 1921 and 1922 Series from the Yankees, went down in the 1923 World Series—and with them went an era. The long ball won out and, although McGraw totally failed to perceive it, the Yankees' Babe Ruth had made a new game of baseball and had sown the seeds for three decades of American League domination.

The American League was quick to capitalize on the facts of life in baseball, even to shortening the bases and jacking up the ball. Its teams began to scour the bushes for strong-backed young sluggers who could fit the new concept of the game. If the pure science of baseball had been sacrificed in the process, no one seemed to mind, least of all the fan, who soon showed he much preferred the home run to the no-bitter and the booming triple to the deft bunt. The slugging became a statistical rarity.

Meanwhile, saddled with the McGraw legacy, the National League continued to play McGraw baseball. The result was disaster. World Series degenerated into fall-dress batting rehearsals for the American League sluggers, and it should have been evident to the National League it was trying to win an atomic war with bows and arrows.

The Yankees began to win Series games by football scores (12 6, 13 6 against the Cubs in 1932) and once even by 18-4 (the Giants, 1936). In 1939 the Philadelphia Athletics scored 10 runs in one inning against the Chicago Cubs, which was more than some National League clubs would score in a whole Series. Since baseball—like democracy—derives its strength from a two-party system, the situation was grave. The invincibility of the American League in general and the Yankees in particular became a baseball fact of life.

What happened? Well, in the year 1943, Branch Rickey moved in as general manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers and set about to build himself a pennant winner. It was a feat he had accomplished from time to time with the St. Louis Cardinals, who won three out of four Series in the early '40s—but those were the war years. The Dodgers, before Rickey's day, had been mainly the comic relief of the loop. Outfielders would get their heads instead of their gloves under fly balls, base runners would stand occupied bums, infielders would show up with full spade boards, and Ebbets Field was usually awash

with jokes and second division teams.

Rickey painstakingly began to alter the face of Brooklyn. By 1946 he was within a whisker of fielding a pennant winner. Then in 1947 Rickey brought up Jackie Robinson. Rickey long had cast covetous eyes at a hitherto untapped mother lode of minor league talent—the Negro leagues. There, unclaimed and unwanted by any major league teams, was major league talent aplenty—outfielders of the caliber of Joe DiMaggio, infielders of a Charley Gehring order and catchers who could press even a Bill Dickey for a job. Rickey comprehended he had his equalizer right here in this made-to-order farm system. And he reached a big hand in and pulled out a plum.

Jackie Robinson, it is my intention to prove, was to the National League what Babe Ruth was to the American. He was a revolution. The sociological aspects of his advent are not germane here—and it is to Rickey's credit that he never claimed he had any in mind. The baseball aspects are.

Robinson and the Negro players Rickey brought in after him abruptly pushed the Dodgers over the top, made them to the National League what the Yankees were to the American League, and indeed created a new Armageddon in baseball—Dodgers versus Yankees



was that the factors which made the National League peculiarly inferior to the Yankees also made them inferior, as a group, to the rest of the American League.

But let's begin at the beginning: The beginning was the 1923 World Series. The New York Giants and the New York Yankees were meeting in that one for the third time, and I like to think this was baseball's first Armageddon. More than a world's championship was in contention. Actually, a baseball revolution was at stake.

The Yankees, in all truth, represented the new order—the home run and the big inning. The Giants were old-style players—the bunt and the one-run-lead bays. Symbolically, it was a struggle between Babe Ruth and John McGraw. Ruth was the trail blazer of the long-ball era. McGraw was fighting the rear guard for the gaudy brand of ball. It was McGraw's (idea baseball should be played the way it was when he was a kid—before the turn of the century—a fast-running, fancy-fielding brand of the game in which the ball was little more than a dead beanbag and



—as fiercely contested as the 1921-22-23 set between the Giants and the Yankees. The achievement of the Robinsonian Dodgers is growing as impressive as that of the Ruthian Yankees. In the 50 years before Robinson joined

the Dodgers, the Brooklyn had won only two pennants—21 years apart. Since Robinson joined the Dodgers nine years ago, they have won five pennants. Once they lost the flag on the first day of the season (to the Phillies) and another time in a postseason play-off (to the Giants). And the only laughter heard in Ebbets Field these days is for the opposing pitcher. Can one "player make that much difference? Well, Ruth did. Willie Mays did. And Jackie Robinson did.

2. But the biggest boon the recruitment of Negroes brought to the National League was that it broke the pattern of recruitment generally. Riskey did not pick his Negro players to fill holes in second base or to get a rotation pitcher or to beef up his fielding. He simply picked the best players. And it so happened the best players happened to be guys who could bounce home runs off the steel girders in left field in Flatbush and who were great all-round athletes besides. Their advent made Ebbets Field the same kind of execution chamber the Yankee Stadium was in the days of Ruth and Gehrig. It is my contention generally that the sacrifice bunt is an obsolete weapon in modern baseball. In Ebbets Field, with a head-swinging array of hitters confronting those chummy walls just over the infielders' heads, a sacrifice bunt would be criminal. The Dodgers began to hang up some foot-ball scores of their own. It was the best thing that ever happened to the National League.

How did it affect the rest of the league? Simple. In the same way the Yankees had affected theirs. In order to beat a power baseball team, you have to have a power baseball team of your own. You can't field a home run, no matter how magically you wield a glove. And the best defense against an atom bomb is to have one too. The National League scurried to get even. Players like Eddie Mathews of the Braves and Ted Kluszewski of the Cincinnati Redlegs, who might not have made the grade in McGraw's day as fielding risks. They gave the National League the kind of fire to meet fire it had been seedling for 30 years.

Since Robinson and Company came on the scene, only one "old-fashioned" National League entrant has managed to get into the World Series. This was the 1956 Phillies, and they got an "old-fashioned" National League greeting from the Yankees: they went down in four straight.

Otherwise, the whole league picked up. After losing 12 out of the first 16

All-Star Games, the National League proceeded to win five out of the last six.

Admittedly, the National League still has the problem of the Yankees. A team whose keystone was power, they were not easily beguiled into abandoning their tradition. But Brooklyn



ROBINSON

was no four-straight patsy. Twice the Dodgers led the Yankees down to seven games and once to six games.

And then last year, in the miracle of Flatbush, they beat the lordly Yankees. At that not only Brooklyn but all baseball could rejoice. It is my belief that the Yankees would have been tumbled to earth in the 1955 World Series by the Dodgers if the Brooklyn manager, Chuck Dressen, had not suffered a fatal lapse into McGrawism at a crucial moment in the first game. What happened was this: the Yankees had leaped into a commanding 4-0 lead, thanks to a pair of characteristic first-inning triples. But in the sixth, the Brooklyn began to swing from the heels, slugging Allie Reynolds out of the game. In the seventh they tied the score and served notice they meant to go right on home bunting. There were men on first and second and no one was out. Then Dressen had his seizure. With the heaviest-hitting team in baseball just beginning to find the range and with a big inning obviously coming up, he ordered his bally boys to—bunt! There were two bunts in a row. Yankee Catcher Yogi Berra pounced on both of them, threw to third to retire the front runner—and

the rally was choked, the momentum was gone and the Series lost.

This turn of events sidetracked the inevitable only momentarily. The National League continued to flex its muscles, and the American League, inconspicuously, turned to art. The Yankees remained relatively steady in the cannoneering department, but their stubbornest rivals, the Cleveland Indians, preferred to concentrate on pitching. The Chicago White Sox began to look, of all things, for daring base runners. The Washington Senators hired Chuck Dressen. And the Boston Red Sox, where a once explosive lineup boasted Jimmy Fox, Joe Cronin and Joe Vasmataz, sought "youth" to back up an aging Ted Williams.

The American League, in short, is no threat at all any more. Its birthright has been surrendered. In 1954 the Cleveland Indians hung up an all-time record of 111 wins. But they were easy prey for the Giants in the Series that year—four straight. Why? Because the Giant pitchers had gone through the season looking at the likes of Klesowski and Jim Greengrass (Redlegs); Mathews and Joe Adcock (Braves); Stan Musial (Cardinals); and Gil Hodges and Duke Seider (Dodgers). Cleveland looked easy.

There are always those who will want a more obscure explanation for the change in the anatomy of baseball. For them, some hard statistics; since 1947 the National League has had the big league home run champion every year, whereas before the war the National League had home run champions only twice in 15 years.

This year there are indications that the National League will break the all-time home run mark with about 1,340 for the season. The Redlegs, Cardinals, Braves and Pirates all should break their all-time club records for homers. Indeed, baseballs never disappeared at a more dizzying clip than they did on Memorial Day in Chicago where the Braves and the Cubs set a record for a day's bombarding—15 homers is all. The hitting, in fact, has been so heavy that Brooklyn suddenly finds itself in mortal danger of being superseded by at least four other teams, only because its own bats have slackened off from last year's pace while the bats of the others haven't.

But—argue some purists—aren't the ball parks in the National League smaller? In general they are and there is no doubt that parks help hitters. But does anyone mean to suggest that a Mays, Campanella, Seider, Mathews

continued on page 74

# WHITE WATER'S WRATH

Racers in frail kayaks test their nerve against the challenge of the Arkansas

A WHITE-WATER river can be a vicious opponent to a racer like the one shown at right battling the rapids in a thin-skinned kayak. But even the most wicked of streams gives warnings to the man who can read them. Such a man is Erich Seidel, one of the top favorites in the downriver race at Salida, Colo., June 17.

"Just before you reach the rapids the water becomes flat and smooth and glides like a lamb," says the blond, German-born Seidel. "But you hear the low noises ahead—and you know that the rapids are there."

As the kayak slides onto the glassy tongue of the rapid that sucks it into the white water, even the most seasoned riverman feels a bolt of fear. Spray stings his face and cuts his vision. He hunches forward, thighs and feet braced against the fragile birch frame, his hips swiveling with each sudden wrench of the boat. A wave smashes against his face, and for a moment he is completely under. But he bobs up and finally breaks through to safe water. Once out he risks a last look back at the rapids and is swept by exultation. "You have challenged nature and won," Seidel explains, "and there is no feeling like it in the world."

Not all the 25 entries who expect to challenge the tortured 25.7-mile stretch of the Arkansas River next week can count on a triumphant look back. After a winter of heavy snow the river is running two feet higher than last year; and Salida veterans know what a difference two feet can make on a river so powerful that even in the knee-deep shallows a canoe or kayak that spins broadside to a rock may be snapped in half by the force of the 10-mile current. "When the water goes up only a couple of inches," says Larry Campton, a Salida native whose fifth-place finish last year was the best for an American, "the whole river changes. The rapids go crazy."

The river was just this way in the spring of 1949 when, in the first impromptu white-water race, an assortment of rubber tubes, life rafts and

belly tanks and one kayak shoved off for a 60-mile plunge downriver to Canyon City. Only the kayak finished that first wild affair. But it was hailed as an unqualified success, and established as an annual event. Since then the course has been shortened to its present length and the belly tanks have given way to canoes and more kayaks.

In 1953 a platoon of crack German river racers, headed by Erich Seidel,



ERICH SEIDEL IS FAVORITE AT SALIDA

25, national German slalom champion, and Theo Beck, 43, persuaded Salida to add a slalom, a short obstacle race with time penalties for each obstacle touched. Seidel easily won it. And afterward he flashed through the downriver in record time to edge out Beck for a double victory. Both men admitted, however, that the Arkansas had given them all they could handle. Seidel frankly conceded he was nervous as he approached the vicious Cottonwood rapids shown on these pages. Beck, who finished the race exhausted, announced his immediate retirement: "A race like this is enough. There is nothing in Europe to compare with it."

Frightened or not, Seidel was so taken by the river and the town that he filed for immigration papers and settled

on the banks of the Arkansas. In 1954 he again won the Salida slalom and placed second in the amateur division of the expanding downriver entry. Last spring he had to withdraw because of an arthritic shoulder and missed the biggest race so far. Thirty thousand spectators lined the banks. The Denver & Rio Grande Western sent out a spectator train with 600 passengers aboard. And 5,000 automobiles crawled along the roads by the river.

This year the crowds should be even bigger; and Seidel, his shoulder healed, expects to give them a show. He will be favored to win the slalom, and perhaps the downriver as well. But he will get strong competition from Sigi Holzbauer, 20, the present world slalom champion, and Xaver Wuchsmann, 22, a skilled and powerful paddler.

Seidel, however, is a quietly confident, and in spite of his slight build—he weighs only 115 pounds—he is conceding nothing to his opponents. Besides his acknowledged skill, he has another advantage in that he lives by the river. During the days before the race he walks the bank, watching and listening for the rough, rumbling messages the rapids send to a riverman.

"The river gives signs," says Seidel, "and you have to be able to understand what it is saying to you. By his green or blue color he tells you what the bottom is like. By his high or deep sounds he points out where the rocks are hiding. By his waves he tells you whether the rocks are big or small. He warns you when to stop and turn. Every river has a different character. The more rivers you know the easier you can tell if one is good or bad."

What of the Arkansas?

"He's an honest river," says Erich Seidel. "He tells you right from the beginning that you have to fight, and he tells you the truth."

ROBERT AJEMIAN

**HALF SUBMERGED** in white water, Tom Teichman, Hollywood, Calif., fights waves in Arkansas's Cottonwood rapids.







ROARING WHITE WATER IN RUGGED COTTONWOOD RAPIDS ON ARKANSAS RIVER FLINGS KAYAK



TOWARD BANK AS DAVE STACEY, BOULDER, COL., BATTLES TO KEEP FRAGILE CRAFT AFLOAT



WILLIE SCHAEFFLER, DENVER SKI COACH, CLINGS TO KAYAK AFTER CAPSIZING IN RAPIDS

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THE JOLLY ROGER AT THE PEAK • TELEVISION GIRDS FOR  
ROCHESTER • YOUNG ENGLISHMAN'S DAY AT TROON • ON  
THE HUMBLING OF HIGH MOUNTAINS • CARBO IN THE SOUTH

## DUMFOUNDMENT DAY

FIVE YEARS, six months, four weeks and an hour or two after Branch Rickey inaugurated his Five-Year Plan to bring a first-place team to Pittsburgh, the Pirates made it. The most electrifying baseball team of 1955 beat Milwaukee in the first game of a Sunday double-header, and the Jolly Roger flew at the top of the National League for the first time in eight years.

True enough, Milwaukee won the next game and dumped the Pirates to second again a couple of hours later. But the dramatic news of the week was that they had been in first at all.

Perhaps because they had been told many times by Mr. Rickey that this very thing would one day happen, the Pirates themselves were less dumfounded than anyone else. "Come on!" Manager Bobby Bragan shouted to his crew in the dressing room. "Act excited! Don't act like it's natural."

## TELEVISIONING THE OPEN

MRS ISOBELLE COCA, the comedienne, positively will not appear in the finale of the National Broadcasting Company's television coverage of the U.S. Open (see page 28) on Saturday, June 16. This should be welcome news for the millions who followed the Open by television last year. For as Jack Fleck was sinking his putt for a par on the 15th green and going on to birdie the 18th for a tie with Ben Hogan, the television audience was presented with the pleasant—but to golf fans slightly frustrating—antics of Miss Coca.

It couldn't be helped, really. For the Open was being played at San Francisco and the time differential brought it up to the brink of 9 o'clock in the East. This being prime television time,

it would have taken a more reckless vice-president than any of the 25 or so NBC carries on its roster to order the Open to continue and Miss Coca to desist.

This year everything will be different. With the Open being contested at Oak Hill in Rochester there's no danger of a conflict with the big Saturday night variety shows. The broadcast will run from 4 to 6 p.m. E.D.T. and—NBC insists—if another Jack Fleck situation arises, the broadcast will run past the 6 p.m. deadline.

There is also heartening news from the sponsor (Eastman Kodak this year), who has issued a strong memo to the announcers, directing them to let no commercials get in the way of important tournament action. "We would

rather," said the memo, "sacrifice a commercial entirely."

Happily armed with this kind of support, NBC's directors, announcers and technicians have been busy since January planning the coverage. A crew of 40 men, two mobile units and nine cameras have been assigned to the job and six steel towers have been erected as vantage points for the cameras which (with telescopic lenses) will be able to cover almost all the action from the 15th to the 18th green. Just to mail everything down, there will be a dress rehearsal before the final round.

Lindsay Nelson, the NBC sportscaster who has covered every Open since 1952 either by radio or television, is delighted with prospects for this year's coverage,

*continued on next page*

## CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

### • Solar Fire

The Greek sun, shining down on the ancient plains of Olympia, was caught and concentrated by a burning glass to light the torch which will signalize the opening of the Equestrian Olympiad in Stockholm next week.

### • Ruth's Disciples

Memorial Day double-headers produced the grandest total of home runs in history—56—24 in the National League, 34 in the American, including Mantle's Nos. 19 and 20. Historical comparison: in the double-headers of Memorial Day, 1927—the year Babe Ruth hit 60—only seven home runs were hit all day, including Ruth's No. 14.

### • Jolly Essential

U.S. Olympic sailing trials were widely headlined as taking place in Sharpie boats. Actually, the U.S. has no Sharpies, though the class is popular in Europe, so trials were held in the little-known Jolly class—in test racers in the essential ability to handle the unfamiliar.

### • Derring-Do for Dabbs

Irishman Ben Delany, shrugging off two lachaloidal races against John Lasky, ran a 3:09 mile of his own to beat Gunnar Nielsen of Denmark in the feature race of the Compton (Calif.) Invitational (see page 29). Said Duklimer Delany: "I did it for myself and the Old Sod."

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

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but points out that golf remains the toughest sport to cover. "Football, baseball, boxing, tennis," he says, "all are contained in a comparatively small area and the picture is before you all the time. But the action in golf is spread over some 7,000 yards, and information about what is going on everywhere cannot be had instantaneously. This year, however, we will have better information than ever before because we will



have an audio or voice information circuit extending back to the 14th tee. All three commentators—Bud Palmer, Jim Simpson and I—will be hearing information over this circuit through our headsets at all times."

Nelson and Director Harry Coyle of NBC are in hearty agreement on one point; they will arrive to broadcast the Open as an athletic competition—not as a succession of tricky shots of individual contestants. What they would like best to do is pick up a fellow like Sam Snead at the 15th tee and follow him shot for shot right down to the 18th green—and victory.

It doesn't have to be Sam Snead. One thing is sure: it won't be Imogene Coca, or even Perry Como, who takes the spotlight away from the U.S. Open champion of 1956.

### TRIUMPH AT TROON

WHILE GOLF FANS on this side of the Atlantic awaited the U.S. Open with the confident expectation of a dramatic finish, another great golfing competition was being resolved across the sea with about as much drama as anyone could wish for. It was, of course, the British Amateur at Troon, Scotland. It was won by—of all people—a Britisher, 18-year-old John Beharril, the youngest man ever to win the title, the first Englishman to take it since Alex Kyle in 1939.

But that doesn't begin to tell it. A six-foot, broad-shouldered, blond-haired young man who is so relaxed that he appears to be in constant danger of falling fast asleep, John Beharril took up competitive golf seriously only a year ago. At that time he had had to withdraw from school because of ill health. Having no studies to distract him, he gave all his attention to the

game and after reaching the semifinals of a couple of minor tournaments, decided to enter the British Amateur "just for the experience."

John did not expect to get past his first draw, but when he found himself in the semifinals he suddenly decided that he had as good a chance as anybody else. If this decision excited him at all, his sleepy-eyed, poker-faced countenance kept his secret. He seemed to be as nerveless as Ben Hogan himself.

He needed to be when he went up against 32-year-old Leslie Taylor, a Glasgow insurance man, in the final. During this match, gales howled across the Firth of Clyde with such force that they blew putts off line and almost carried off the Scottish golf writers who were trying to hold down the billowing press tent. But John Beharril went about his business like a man full of Milburn, slicing his drives now and then, but becoming deadly accurate within 100 yards of a green. He faltered and lost four holes in the middle of the match but recovered and came on to the 32nd green to sink a two-footer and then, at long last, release his pent-up emotions. This he did by raising his putter high in the air, pulling off his cap and shouting, "Aye!"

Later, John Beharril confessed that the "awful wind and the big crowd [there were 6,000 in the gallery] did bother me. That's why I collapsed and lost those four holes." Asked about his future golfing plans, John Beharril said he would "never, never, never go pro." He said he hoped to play in the British Open. With that, his sleepy eyes took on a faraway look and he said: "I wonder how I will do then?"

### EVEREST RECONQUERED

WHEN Sir Edmund Hillary and Tenzing Norgay conquered Mt. Everest three years ago they not only won acclaim such as no climbers had ever known, but forever removed the awful mountain's name from the dark lexicon of the unattainable. The world hardly blinked last week at the word that Swiss mountaineers had not only climbed Everest's undefeated twin, Lhotse (the world's fourth highest peak), but had twice ascended Everest itself. The very conclusion of their victory seemed to dull the world's interest. But even from the sparse reports available it was plain that they had accomplished the all-but-unbelievable.

Hillary and Tenzing had plucked away much of Everest's publicity

value, but their boots had not ground the mountain's thickness off the great peak's height; Everest's gleaming ice-falls, its terrible snow storms, the thin air on its sterile steep slopes as deadly in May 1956 as in May 1953. And its latest conquerors—an 11-man expedition sponsored by Zurich's Swiss Foundation for Alpine Explorations—had also to conquer insurmountable hardships, setbacks and perils. Only one of the Swiss climbers, who were led by a 43-year-old government collector named Albert Eggler, had ever been in the Himalayas before. As the group set out into the hills of sweltering Nepal in March, with 400 porters carrying its 16 tons of equipment, many an armchair critic of Asian climbing simply shrugged.

In late March, as the climbers approached Thyangboche Monastery at 13,000 feet, lanky Fritz Luchsinger, a 35-year-old army instructor, came down with appendicitis. They stopped; the expedition's medical man, Dr. Edward Leuthold, radioed for an alldrop of anesthetics, instruments and other equipment necessary for an operation. Day after day dragged on; after a week, and before an Indian air force plane could arrive, Luchsinger happily improved enough to go on. But the race with the monsoons, which were two weeks early this year, had been dangerously delayed. The difficulties did not end; a second expedition member, Wolfgang Döhl, 47, also got sick; then Sherpa Leader Pasing Dawa Lama collapsed and had to be sent to a lower camp. By May 15, when the climbers reached the 26,000-foot saddle between Everest and Lhotse, the stinging snowstorms of the monsoon season had already begun.

The Swiss had only two choices—turn back or bet their lives on breaks in the weather. They chose to bet. On the 18th, Ernst Reinis, 36, an aircraft technician, and Luchsinger, the appendicitis victim, climbed Lhotse. On the



22nd, Ernst Schmid, 32, a Berne businessman, and Jung Marmet, 29, a mountain guide, climbed Everest. On the following day, despite the danger of storms, two more of the party, Hans Van Ganten, 28, a chemist, and Adolf Reinis, 35, an aircraft mechanic, arrogantly climbed it again. After that everyone wisely packed and scouted for lower altitudes. Last week the expe-



"No, I didn't see a *Malaconoma diastris* go by here . . . just some *Draconesephala mollipes*."

dillon was plodding through steaming foothill valleys on its way back to civilization and was still out of touch with the world. There was no way of knowing what had prompted the second Everest climb, or whether the double assault had actually been made, as reports indicated, from a camp an incredible 3,696 feet below the peak (Hillary's and Tenzing's final camp was only 1,128 feet from the summit). But

whatever the answers, there could be little doubt that Albert Eggler and his men had performed history's most amazing feat of mountain climbing.

#### CARBO STILL GETS AROUND

FRANK CARBO, No. 1 in the ring ratings of the men behind boxing's dirty business, seldom is seen at the fights any more, what with all this un-

pleasantly hot weather we've been having, but he keeps in touch. For instance, he turned up in Houston a few weeks back at the time of the Bud Smith-Joe Brown fight, arriving by Eastern Airlines under an assumed name and taking a \$50-a-day suite at the Hotel Shamrock Hilton, also under a false name. He stayed in Houston three days. A month later he was in

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New Orleans for the Willie Pastrano-Chuck Spieser fight and, incidentally, to do a little business with Babe McCoy, Los Angeles' mulled racketeer, and Ari Aragon, the Los Angeles Golden Boy who, through McCoy's and others' influence, witnesses testily, has been the beneficiary of an occasional fixed fight.

Carbo's descent upon Houston was preceded by rumors that he was about to "move in" on boxing there, perhaps to introduce to Texas the pubescent system he has found so successful elsewhere. Houston boxing, which just about died three years ago, has revived recently, partly because a new promoter has been putting on really good fights (with the benefit of counseling from Lou Viscusi, manager of Willie Pop, Joe Brown and others) and partly because of Paul Jorgensen, a spectacular young featherweight from Port Arthur who now attends the University of Houston. In fights with Laura Salas, Red Top Davis and Davey Walden—all owned by Hyman (The Mink) Wallman, buddy-chum of Carbo—Jorgensen drew better than \$10,000 every time, a figure that would be sensational for most fights at Madison Square Garden. At these fights the audience is apical, as indeed Houston is apical. Ringside is filled with the town's top businessmen—oil and real estate men. It is a country club clientele.

Carbo, presumably, was cissing the Jews. Though he has beaten a few murder raps in his day and still is under indictment for murder in New Jersey, he traveled in the very best of Houston's boxing buff circles. He was greeted by Hugh Benbow, an oil-lease man who was a locally important boxing promoter during the '30s and professes to have known Carbo for 30 years. He has been shot at six times, Benbow sometimes says, and used to carry a gun. He introduced the hoodlum to Robert E. (Bob) Smith, Houston's biggest landowner, bigger even than the late Jesse Jones. Smith's real estate holdings within the city limits alone have been assessed at \$12 million and he has oil, too.

Smith's interest in boxing stems from World War I days, when he was heavyweight champion of his Army outfit. At 61 he is a robust 220-pounder who still boozes. He has a box at all the Houston fights and sometimes for heavyweight championships loads friends into his plane and takes them to New York, Chicago or wherever

the fights may be. He is known also as a philanthropist of sport, among other things, contributing large sums to the Little League.

Smith might have been considered strange company for Carbo but, after all, Frankie knows at least one other millionaire—James D. Norris, president of the International Boxing Club.

During his stay Carbo expressed interest in Jorgensen, remarking that he would like to "own a piece of him." But he did not talk to the fighter or to his manager, Richard H. McClelland, a real estate man. Neither is the type to do business with Carbo, a fact that may have been made clear to him.

"If I had to mess with any of these guys I'd quit managing," McClelland says.

As for Viscusi, who has been in Houston six months and thinks of settling there if boxing continues bright, he says he had only heard that Carbo was in town. The visit was not, in fact, generally known.

But in New Orleans Carbo operated as openly as a madman with a police permit. A couple of hours before Pastrano gave Spieser a hard-earned boxing lesson, Carbo sat down to dinner at Diamond Jim Moran's lush tourist haven, as public a spot as might be found in the city. At table with him were Babe McCoy and Ari Aragon and four others who were less immediately recognizable. Diamond Jim himself, his tie sparkling with diamonds, was both obsequious host and jovial dinner companion. Carbo wore a dark blue suit, a white shirt and one of those white four-in-hands that bespeak

conservative elegance in his set. Aragon, costumed as the Golden Boy, wore a tattered silk suit of a color that might be considered golden but was more on the order of lightly toasted palmolive.

Though this was a business dinner, it had its gala atmosphere. Friends and neighbors dropped by the table to pay their respects and Carbo, in somber tones, introduced them all to Aragon, rolling out the long vowels in what he pronounced as "Golden Boy."

At one point a captain of waiters called Carbo to the telephone, addressing him familiarly as "Frank." The call did not bring good news, apparently. Someone, it seemed, was reporting the failure of a preflight mission.

"If that's the way he feels about it," Carbo shouted angrily into the phone (he had not thought to close the door of the booth), "let the whole thing drop. . . . No, don't do anything about it. Let it drop. . . . Ah, he's a goddam weasel. . . . Don't do anything. We got these spies around."

Funny things were happening to the odds that night. In New Orleans, Pastrano, the home town favorite, was 2½ to 1 at ringside but Carbo money was being laid down in other cities and Carbo was betting on Spieser. The odds outside New Orleans were thus driven down to 6 to 5 in favor of Pastrano. Carbo presumably lost a lot of money, although when Referee Francis Kercheval unaccountably voted 6-4 for Spieser (even Spieser thought he had won no more than four rounds) Carbo came very close to making a lot. Just one more official opinion like Kercheval's would have done it.

Still, Carbo may have turned a nice piece of business at the dinner. The purpose of the meeting was to get Pastrano Carbo's permission for Aragon to fight Middleweight Champion Sugar Ray Robinson, probably in August and most likely in Los Angeles. Carbo's usual fee for such a service is 10-15% of the petitioner's take.

Before the party broke up and everyone took his leave, the festive tone of the evening was commemorated by Diamond Jim's girl photographer. She took memory-book pictures of the group at the main table and then Aragon posed at the next table, first with Diamond Jim, then with Carbo himself. When she came back with the finished prints Carbo looked them over, approved them and then demanded the negatives of the pictures in which he appeared.

It was the only precaution he had taken all evening.

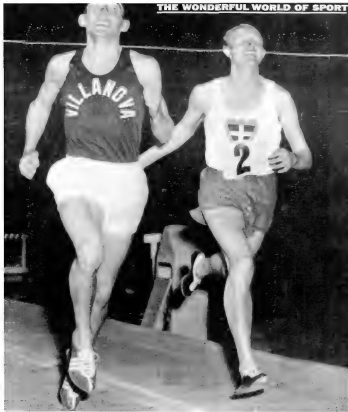


## FISHERMAN

His favorite fly is crumbed and bent  
And won't float on the water;  
It looked so natural on his hat  
His wife had used the weather.

—F. E. WHITE

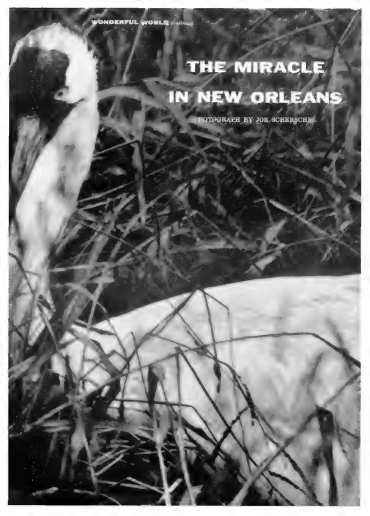




## THE CLUB GETS TWO NEW MEMBERS

Ron Delany of Dublin, followed by Gunnar Nielsen of Copenhagen, seems to break the mile barrier with a smile as they finish in 3:59 and 3:59.1 at Compton (Calif.) Invitational

Meet last week, thus proving that Irishmen and Danes, as well as Englishmen, Australians and Hungarians—if no Americans yet—can run the mile in less than four minutes' time



WONDERFUL WORLD continued

# THE MIRACLE IN NEW ORLEANS

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE SCHERSCHEL

Snug under Mama's protective wing, the first-born chick peeked out upon a new world to make a picture man had never seen before. Naturalists and journalists spent days and nights on a nearby rooftop at the New Orleans zoo to record this rare event in natural history—the hatching of a pair of near-extinct whooping cranes. For an egg-to-peep eyewitness description by SI's John O'Reilly, turn to page 52.



JOE SCHERICHEL (RIGHT) MAKES HISTORY WITH HIS CAMERA



## ROCKY'S MAMA SEES THE PITCH

Whenever Rocky Marciano fought, Mama went to church and prayed. She always said, 'When he quits, I take the pitch.' The other day the Walcott and Moore fights were run off for the Marchegiano family in the living room of Mama's Brockton home. Joan Flynn Dreyspool and Photographer Foss Iannelli recorded Mama's reactions



"SEN OF A GUN, THAT WALCOTT! HE REALLY WANTS TO WIN FIGHT!"



"MY PRIDE ROCKY... HE, WALCOTT! REALLY WANTS TO GET HIM!"



ROCKY'S BROTHER PETER HELPS PAPA PREPARE FILM CLIPS



"I THINK I BETTER HAVE HANDKERCHIEF, I AM GOIN' TO CRY NOW!"



"OH SH, MAMMA MIA, HOW QUICK ROCKY GETS UP... OGD BLAM!"



"I WANT HE BACK TO HIM, BUT FEELING FOR THE OTHER ONE TOO"



"WHAT A BIG SCENE, THIS, SHE'S MORE LOOKING LIKE A LION"



"WHAT BIG PUNCHES! GIVE IT TO HIM, RECKY, GIVE IT TO HIM!"



"MAMMA, YEA, WHAT BORDO DOES BOB BY KNECK HIM, BUT?"



"I KNOW HOW IT COME OUT, BUT WHAT HE HAVE TO GO THROUGH"



"I ENJOY HE WIN, BUT I WISH MY SON NEVER FIGHT AGAIN"

## SAM

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

EVERY June, as another United States Open Golf Championship comes into view, two ancient enigmas are annually pondered by golfers throughout the world: Will Sam Snead win the Open this year? Will Sam ever win the Open? It hardly seems possible, but when Sam tees off at Oak Hill on the 14th of June, it will mark 20 full seasons since his first start in that most important of all golf competitions. Over those two decades, he has won one British Open (1946), three PGAs (1942, 1949, 1961), and three Masters (1949, 1952, 1954). He has garnered more points in the international Ryder Cup matches than any other golfer, British or American. He has four years won the Vardon Trophy for the lowest strokes-per-round average in PGA-endorsed competitions, and, though the arithmetic gets complicated, he may well possess the lowest career-length strokes-per-round average of any golfer. He has won more tournaments than any golfer who ever lived. He has won more prize money than any golfer who ever lived. However, as everyone knows only too well, Sam has never been able to win "the big one," the U.S. or National Open. Snead is 44 now, and, though his wonderfully supple frame and coordination have endowed him with a remarkable athletic longevity, Sam had better hurry up and win that Open or he may never do it. If he never does, it will be, historically, as tragic an injustice as if Rogers Hornsby had never captured a National League batting crown or Paavo Nurmi an Olympic title. If he ever does—and each June every contestant in the Open field hopes that if he himself doesn't win it, Sam will—it will be, without overstatement, one of the most popular triumphs ever recorded in the complete annals of sport.

The three Sam has come close to winning golf's most important championship constitute perhaps the game's



G. Kinnell

**LIKE NO OTHER.** Sam Snead's classic swing combines the grace of Bobby Jones with the power of Jimmy Thomson.

Here he is pictured at that critical posture, at the top of his backswing, just before unleashing the decisive downswing.

# AND THE OPEN

One of golf's alltime great players, Sam Snead, the magnetic man from the mountains, has won every major championship except—tragically—"the big one," the National Open

epic tragedy. In his first attempt in 1937 at Oakland Hills, unharmed then as he was to be later by any complex about the Open, Sam was second. He finished comparatively early in the afternoon with a 71 for a four-round total of 283, the low score up to that point. It stood up until late in the day when Ralph Guldahl, on the wings of a 70-yard chip that rolled into the cup for an eagle on the eighth, shuffled around in 69 strokes for a total of 281, incidentally a new record for the event. (If Sam had managed to win that first time out, many observers were to conclude years later when his problems had become patently acute, he would have probably gone on to take a slew of

Opens. (Then there was 1969, the cruellest year of all. He stood on the tee of the 72nd hole of the Spring Mill course of the Philadelphia Country Club, needing only a 5 on a routine par-5 hole, 558 yards long, to lead the field. He proceeded to take that awful 8—one, in the rough to the left; two, a ducking wad into the side of a fairway trap; three, still in that trap; four, out but not well out; five, barely onto the green with a wobbly chip; and then, to cap the whole sad sequence, three putts. (He should have played safely for his 5 and would have, but he was not informed on what score was needed to win.) In 1940 at Canterbury, Sam was up front with 18 to go. A 72

would have seen him through a stroke. In a collapse that brought back shuddering memories of old Mae Smith laundering in the 1925 British Open at Prestwick, Sam took an 81.

And so it continued to go. In 1947—the first of the two climaxes is generally forgotten—the hard-luck man went briefly out of character when he holed a 15-footer on the 72nd green of the St. Louis Country Club to tie Lew Worsham for first. In the play-off, though, he tossed away a one-stroke advantage down the stretch and ultimately lost out when he failed to get down a 20½-inch putt on the last green. In 1948 he led at the halfway

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## SAMUEL JACKSON SNEAD'S 20 YEARS ON THE TOURNAMENT TRAIL

|      | U.S. Open          | PGA | British Open | Masters | Canadian Open | Western Open | The Country Club | Gasland B. N. | Los Angeles Open | Tour World | Tour All-American | Greenbrier Open | Lowmead | North and South | Jacksonville Open | Midland Open | Texas Open | St. Petersburg | Yearly earnings                    |                                   |        |
|------|--------------------|-----|--------------|---------|---------------|--------------|------------------|---------------|------------------|------------|-------------------|-----------------|---------|-----------------|-------------------|--------------|------------|----------------|------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|--------|
| 1937 |                    |     | 11           |         |               |              |                  |               |                  |            |                   |                 |         |                 |                   |              |            |                | Money Oakland St. Paul             | \$10,244                          |        |
| 1938 | 38                 | 2   |              | 31      | 1             | 2            | 1                | 1             | 20               |            |                   | 1               | 1       |                 |                   | 7            |            |                | Chicago, Warlickville 130, Concord | 19,524*                           |        |
| 1939 | 5                  |     |              | 3       |               | 6            |                  | 3             | 5                |            |                   |                 |         | 2               | 3                 | 1            |            | 1              | St. Louis 4 Ball, Dallas           | 9,712                             |        |
| 1940 | 18                 | 2   |              | 7       | 1             | 3            |                  | 2             |                  |            |                   | 1               | 2       | 4               | 16                | 8            |            |                | Wichita                            | 9,706                             |        |
| 1941 | 13                 | 1st |              | 6       | 1             | 6            | 1                |               | 24               | 4          |                   | 5               |         | 1               |                   | 3            | 5          | 1              | Redwood, Texas Open, Chevy Chase   | 17,848                            |        |
| 1942 | 1                  |     |              | 7       |               |              |                  | 18            | 3                |            |                   | 7               |         | 2               |                   |              | 3          | 1              | Corona (Argentina)                 | 8,618                             |        |
| 1943 | not in competition |     |              |         |               |              |                  |               |                  |            |                   |                 |         |                 |                   |              |            |                |                                    |                                   |        |
| 1944 |                    |     |              |         |               |              |                  |               |                  |            |                   |                 |         |                 |                   |              |            |                |                                    | Richmond, Portland                | 5,755  |
| 1945 |                    |     |              |         |               |              |                  |               |                  |            |                   |                 |         |                 |                   |              |            |                |                                    | Edgarton, Fortville (Del.), Tulsa | 24,426 |
| 1946 | 19                 | 2nd | 1            | 7       |               |              |                  | 9             | 18               | 1          | 31                | 1               | 5       | 2               | 1                 | 1            | 3          | 2              | Regina                             | 18,342                            |        |
| 1947 | 2                  | 2nd |              | 28      |               | 4            | 3                | 14            | 24               | 5          | 16                |                 | 5       |                 |                   |              |            |                | Coody Pro-Am                       | 9,708                             |        |
| 1948 | 5                  | 1st |              | 25      |               |              | 30               |               | 4                | 2          | 8                 | 21              |         | 16              | 4                 | 1            | 47         |                | Seminole Pro-Am                    | 6,980                             |        |
| 1949 | 2                  | 1   |              | 1       | 1             | 1            | 11               | 3             | 7                | 3          | 2                 | 1               | 3       |                 | 9                 | 5            | 2          | 6              | Washington Star, Copper Bee        | 21,994*                           |        |
| 1950 | 12                 | 2nd |              | 3       | 9             | 1            | 1                | 7             | 1                | 6          | 4                 | 1               | 1       | 1               | 1                 | 1            | 1          | 6              | Colonial, Harding "Money Beach"    | 25,799*                           |        |
| 1951 | 10                 | 1   |              | 8       |               | 3            |                  | 1             | 8                |            | 2                 | 2               |         |                 |                   | 1            |            |                | La Gona                            | 15,072                            |        |
| 1952 | 10                 | 1st |              | 1       |               |              |                  | 1             | 5                | 1          | 3                 |                 | 1       |                 | 2                 |              |            |                | Zenobia, Tucson, Briton            | 19,908                            |        |
| 1953 | 3                  | 2nd |              | 16      |               |              |                  | 17            | 24               | 2          | 2                 |                 |         | 9               | 2                 |              |            |                | Stoke Ridge, "Snead's"             | 14,115                            |        |
| 1954 | 6                  | 1st |              | 1       |               |              |                  |               |                  |            |                   |                 |         |                 |                   |              |            |                | Palm Beach, La Gona                | 7,883                             |        |
| 1955 | 3                  | 1st |              | 3       | 21            | 10           |                  | 1             |                  |            |                   |                 |         |                 |                   | 1            |            |                | Orangeton City                     | 23,464                            |        |

\*Indicates leading money winner

Total \$32,940

## THE SITE OF THE

One of the country's most spirited homes of golf, the Oak Hill Country Club was host to the 1949 U.S. Amateur Championship. Finding the week of tournament play a thoroughly pleasant experience, the club invited the U.S. Golf Association to stage the Open there and was selected as the site for the 1956 championship, which will be held June 14-16. The course, among the most beautiful of our inland layouts, is built on gently rolling ground strategically populated with oaks, maples,

### OAK HILL COUNTRY CLUB ROCHESTER, N.Y.

| HOLE         | YARDAGE      | PAR       | HOLE          | YARDAGE      | PAR       |
|--------------|--------------|-----------|---------------|--------------|-----------|
| 1            | 465          | 4         | 10            | 419          | 4         |
| 2            | 398          | 4         | 11            | 502          | 5         |
| 3            | 398          | 3         | 12            | 350          | 4         |
| 4            | 571          | 5         | 13            | 669          | 5         |
| 5            | 448          | 4         | 14            | 327          | 4         |
| 6            | 173          | 3         | 15            | 323          | 3         |
| 7            | 473          | 4         | 16            | 441          | 4         |
| 8            | 432          | 4         | 17            | 462          | 4         |
| 9            | 416          | 4         | 18            | 445          | 4         |
| <b>TOTAL</b> | <b>3,495</b> | <b>35</b> | <b>TOTAL</b>  | <b>3,407</b> | <b>35</b> |
|              |              |           | <b>TOTALS</b> | <b>6,902</b> | <b>70</b> |

**THE FIRST**, 465 yards, is an excellent starting hole. It is typical of the stewart tree-lined, long par 4s that make up the backbone of the Oak Hill course.

**THE 3RD**, 286 yards, is the longest of Oak Hill's par 3s. The rough fringing this and the other greens will be less difficult than it was for the 1956 Open.

**THE 15TH**, 182 yards, will demand very accurate iron play. At Oak Hill most of the greens are of only moderate size and are exceedingly well trapped.





continued from page 29

wilows and other splendid trees set out by one of the club's most vigorous members, Dr. John R. Williams, a retired physician. After some minor remodeling by Golf Architect Robert Trent Jones, the course will play some one hundred yards longer for the Open than it did for the Amateur. As the drawings below of four characteristic holes bring out, the individual holes, though not spectacular in design, call for solid, skillful shotmaking. It should produce a very worthy champion.

**THE 18TH.** 449 yards, a formidable finishing hole, is a mild dogleg to the right, which requires a lengthy, well-placed drive and a controlled approach.



mark with 69-69-138, a new record for the first 34 of the championship. Then he began to miss those crucial four-footers and seven-footers, and Hogan pulled away to the first of his four great victories in the Open. 1949: another "almost but" year. With the 71st and 72nd to go, the first a reasonably stock par 3 and the second a stock par 4, Sam needed only two pars to tie for the top, and a par and a birdie would have won for him. He got his par on the 72nd all right, but it was of no matter since he had previously taken three to get down from off the fringe on the 71st. (Broadcasting Snod's finish, Bill Stern, in one of his finest moments of misidentification, mistook Bobby Cruikshank, playing from the 71st tee in the group just ahead of Sam's, for Sam; before the appalling letdown set in, golf fans thought it was Sam and not Bobby who had placed his tee shot 10 feet from the pin and had that all-important birdie right in his hands.)

At Oakmont in 1955 Sam lay one stroke off Hogan's pace after 54 holes, still one stroke behind after 63. On the long 64th, where he had his best chance to catch the true-tempered Tesan, Sam mis-hit his second and finally three-putted for a 6—not that a birdie would have, in the final analysis, made much difference, the way Ben finished that round. In 1965 at the Olympic Club in San Francisco, off with a miserable 79, positively out of the tournament before it began, Sam buckled down hard to business and midway in the final round was miraculously in a position to win. He couldn't hole—he couldn't even come close to holing—five or six eminently holeable birdie putts and at length faded out of contention on the 79th. All in all, in this long chronicle of frustration, Sam has had to be discontent with four red ribbons and the blues.

The tremendous hold Samuel Jackson Snod has on the affections of the sports public rests on many other things besides the indubitable fact that he is the greatest golfer who has never won the Open. To begin with, he is abrim with natural color both as a person and a player, more so perhaps than any golfer since Walter Hagen. His appeal extends to every type of golf fan. Whenever he plays, he is followed not only by the most sedate pillars of the host club but also by "da poolrooms crowd" who adopt him as their guy and root as pugnaciously for him as if they

were spurring on a hard-pressed Marciano. As a result, the salvos of applause that arise from Snod's gallery early, as you hear them erupting in other sectors of the course, a barrel-house belligerence that is different from the sound set up by any other worshipful gallery. In the Greenboro Open Sam is almost unbeatable because he invariably plays excellent golf there, but he is so sympathetic—to use that old North Carolina expression—to the local gentry that they have had to be restrained from improving his lies and loading up his closest competitors.

What does Sam's fabulous appeal consist of? A large part of it, naturally, is that his whole personality projects like a ton of bricks. There he is, wherever he is, the likable, handsome, impressive mountain boy from the Appalachian town of Hot Springs. Over the years Sam has acquired a formidable poise (which, among other things, has transformed the erstwhile inarticulate young man into one of the country's most engaging and accomplished after-dinner speakers), but a spectator can still feel what Sam is going through every minute of a tournament, his emotions and his thoughts are that readable. At the heart of the man, there is an instinctive graciousness and a kindness of spirit and an innate sportsmanship surpassing that of many athletes celebrated for their sportsmanship—and all these qualities somehow come through. Besides this, of course, it is just plain exciting to watch Sam Snod hit a golf ball. The first driver in the game's long history who was both very long and very straight, Sam possesses a swing of such beauty that a person who knows nothing about golf can recognize at once that he is watching something as functionally and artistically "right" as the motions of an Artiste or a Toscanini. Like no other, Snod's renowned swing integrates strength and ease—"flowing power," as Bill Campbell once termed it. Whereas Hogan's magnificent swing conjures up the image of a dynamic machine approaching metallic perfection, Snod ripples into his shots with a lazy, controlled, lyrical grace that explodes into a tremendous burst of biff as his body uncoils and his hands unleash their pent-up power when he enters the hitting area. (The terrific unleash Sam gets has been explained as deriving from his being double-jointed; he is, only to the extent that he can bend his wrists back

continued on page 68

# PAT'S "500" SAW SOME AWFUL

It was a great Memorial Day for that Irishman named Flaherty, who conquered the Indianapolis Speedway. For others it was a day of unaccountable blowouts and spins



DESPITE THE MULTITUDE of mishaps to other drivers in the race, Pat Flaherty's "500" was an honest, truly earned victory. Pat started from the pole position with the fastest qualifying time in 40 years of Indianapolis racing—143.596 mph. Before taking the lead for good at the end of 185 miles, he never lagged more than a few seconds behind the leader and frequently was himself the leader. Except for 81 seconds in the pit and an hour and 15 minutes under the yellow caution flag, Pat pushed his slim white roadster through some of the quickest laps ever recorded at the Brickyard. Once in charge, he drove his last 315 miles without a hitch or falter, never sparing himself or his car. No one had to fold to make room for this winner.

But when the blessing and coronation ceremonies were over, and the cars—12 of them crippled—were back in their stalls in Gasoline Alley, the trade talk quickly shifted from the victorious redhead and focused on one subject: tires. The old hands could never remember a race when the tires—if that's what it was—had caused such grief. The roll call of drivers who had suffered included the very cream of U.S. racing: Paul Russo, who had been the first victim when an apparent blowout sent him careening into the wall on the 22nd lap; Ray Crawford on the 49th lap; Jim Bryan, the 1954 AAA national champion and probably the most consistently free chauffeur on the tracks today, on the 34th lap; Don Freedland on the 56th; Bob Sweikert, the defending champion, on the 131st; Jimmy Daywalt in a really vicious crash on the 185th lap; Tony Bettenhausen in an equally bad smashup on the 161st and finally Dick Rathmann as he was going through the south turn after completing the entire race. Fortunately the injuries were relatively minor, and

**WINNER FLAHERTY**, after receiving his victory kiss, lets Ann and Virginia Mayo handle the crowd while he settles for milk.

# TANGLES

by ALFRED WRIGHT

In the case of Bryan, Freeland and Swenkert the drivers even rejoined the race; but that hardly lessened the concern of the men who have to ride in the cars.

In the post-mortems around the garage, the drivers were unanimous in the opinion that either blowouts (as with Russa, Swenkert and Bettenhausen) or blisters or just peeling rubber had been at the root of their trouble. But why this year? Certainly the greater speeds of 1955 were heating up the tires more than ever, but that could hardly be the whole story. Some thought it was the abrasiveness of the new track, nearly half of which had been repaved during the winter. Others blamed it on the way many of the cars were suspended this year with more weight on the right side for added speed in the turns.

All this was long ago anticipated by Firestone, the only U.S. company with the daring to put its reputation on the line by building a racing tire. In creating a special tire for the Indy track, Firestone has helped raise the speeds year after year without sacrificing safety. Although this Indy tire is a far cry from the one worn by the passenger car, many of its best features, tested in the racing laboratory, eventually filter down to general use.

When new, the Indy tire has only a small amount of tread on the right side, none on the left, thus providing maximum grip on the turns plus minimum friction in the straightaway. Its coating of rubber, particularly on the sidewalls, would never accommodate the family sedan, but it has to be this to avoid building up tremendous internal heat. One of its many peculiarities is that it carries nitrogen rather than oxygen, since nitrogen has a lower coefficient of expansion and is lacking in moisture which might heat into steam.

Early this spring Firestone ran some tests on the Speedway's new pavement, turning lap averages up to 145 mph.

*continued on next page*



**FIRST CRASH-UP** of 604 laps of Nardi Special, let's see car in the race, when it blew a tire, spun into wall. Unharmed, Driver Paul Russo dashed for safety of the infield.

**SECONDS LATER** cars 4 and 88 drift locked wheels while braking for Russa; No. 88 spins open left car in pits (right) and No. 32 dashed into infield to avoid crash.



# INDIANAPOLIS "500"

continued from page 22

They quickly discovered that last year's tire was blistering on the new surface, so they designed a new one. They beefed it up to hold 60 lbs. pressure in place of the previous 40 lbs. to give the cars more stability on the curves. Otherwise there was no visible difference.

To a firm that has as much at stake in racing as Firestone, the muttering about this year's tires after the race was highly distressing, and company officials were by no means convinced. Before the sun had set on Memorial Day, Firestone employees had collected all the scraps of broken tires and wheels they could find anywhere on the Speedway premises, along with all the 272 tires that had been used on the 32 cars in the race, and rushed them back to Akron for a closer look. It was a puzzle with no quick answer; plenty of contradictions and very little evidence except the opinions of the drivers.

decided to sign with another owner this year, Zink picked Pat Flaherty to drive A. J.'s dream car.

As soon as the starter's green flag released the ear-drum-splitting blast of nearly 12,000 hp breaking for the first lap, only seven of the 32 other cars provided George Francis Patrick Flaherty with any serious contention. At the beginning it was a three-car race between the men in the front row. Jim Rathmann, a pudgy-faced tow-head, and the younger brother of Dick, jumped ahead at the first turn and led for three laps in the dark blue Hopkins Special in which Bill Vukovich died last year. At every turn and down the straightaways, Rathmann was barely nosing out the yellow Ansted-Retory Special driven by Pat O'Connor, a 30-year-old with the kind of ruddy, cheerful face and curly black hair that suggest Erin. Equally close was Flaherty—thin, redheaded, freckle-faced and sporting a jaunty shamrock on his white helmet. At the fourth lap O'Con-

A swarthy, chunky man and a grandfather to boot, Russo had the crowd with him as he took the lead on the 10th lap and held it for the next 30 miles by just a few yards over O'Connor and Flaherty. He had all the best of the speed on the straightaways, where his V-8 could make full use of its higher horsepower. On the turns and in the traffic, where the immense tongue of the Offies gave them a greater surge at lower speeds of 135 mph or so, Russo would lose ground.

By the 20th lap it had become a three-car race between Russo, O'Connor and Flaherty, with the average speed now above 141 mph, some three miles faster than the record, and the chief question seemed to be whether the V-8 with the veterans at the helm could hold the pace over 500 miles. In case Russo tired, another veteran—Duke Nalon, who almost came to grief a few years ago with the same engine in a front-wheel-drive Novi—was standing by as a replacement.

It was on the 22nd lap that Russo's Novi gave indications of the kind of race this would soon be. Russo had just screamed across the rough bricks which, for tradition's sake, still cover the stretch in front of the main grandstands and the pits. He was entering the southwest turn when the car went out of control. It spun toward the two-foot concrete retaining wall, struck it head-on with a terrifying puff of smoke or dust, spun backward with flames spouting from the rear and stopped in battered distress, still on the track midway through the turn. It seemed impossible that anyone could survive such a jolt unharmed, particularly with flames still dancing out of the rear of the car, but Grandfather Russo sprang hopped from the cockpit and made a dash for the safety of the infield before some speeding driver should unavoidably plow into the wreckage.

No sooner had the yellow cautionary flag gone up than pandemonium took charge. Approaching the Russo wreck two cars braked, swerved and locked wheels. Both spun on the smooth new asphalt surface, one striking the wall with its rear end. Troy Ruttman, the 1952 winner, was following, and he spun into the infield to avoid the collision, thus eliminating his pink John Zink Special in which Bob Sweikert won last year's race.

While other cars threaded their way safely through the confusion, Johnny Thomson in No. 88 stomped on his brakes some 200 yards up the track.

continued on page 22

## THE TOP 10 AT INDIANAPOLIS

| DRIVER         | ENTRY              | MECHANIC           | WINNINGS |
|----------------|--------------------|--------------------|----------|
| Pat Flaherty   | John Zink Co.      | A. J. Watson       | \$31,818 |
| Sam Hanks      | Carr Inc.          | Gen. Sells         | \$32,310 |
| Don Francel    | Bob Fales          | Joe Phillips       | \$28,410 |
| Johnny Parsons | J. C. Agajanian    | Frank McGuck       | \$15,760 |
| Dick Rathmann  | Motor Racers Inc.  | Floyd Travis       | \$12,744 |
| Bob Sweikert   | Pacing Associates  | Don Quile          | \$1,598  |
| Bob Voth       | Federal Associates | Russell Schweitzer | \$7,494  |
| Roger Ward     | Ed Wahl            | Harry Stephens     | \$5,294  |
| Jimmy Bruce    | Hart Fallette      | Ray Gardner        | \$5,844  |
| Cliff Gurnee   | Jim Robbins        | Al Birch           | \$5,394  |

Among the contradictions, for instance, was the performance of Pat Flaherty. He had traveled at an average speed of 128.498 mph for the full 500 miles on only eight tires—a bare minimum for any year—and with no trouble at all. (Sam Hanks in second place has done likewise.)

Part of the credit for Flaherty's performance belongs to the car, of course, and the credit for the car must surely go to a solemn 32-year-old mechanic with a college-boy crewcut named A. J. Watson. "A. J." (the initials are all he has for a name) is chief mechanic for John Zink, a Tulsa furnace manufacturer with a yen for racing. Last year after A. J. saddled the winning car for Sweikert, he and Sweikert and Zink began thinking about the dream car they would like to have for 1966. Early this year A. J. built the car in his garage in Glendale, Calif. and No. 8 was the result—a lower, narrower, 290-lb., lighter version of the Kurtis and Kurla roadsters that have ruled the Brickyard since 1953. When Sweikert

nor grabbed the lead at a pace of better than 145 mph—five miles faster than any previous average at the same point—while a red Novi Special crept up on the leaders.

The "blood-red Novi," as the press had already agreed to call it, was patting the crowd in a swivel. Very few of the 110,000 in the stands, and perhaps 25,000 more in the infield, could have avoided knowing something about this Novi, whose supercharged V-8 engine was supposed to be the fastest thing on the track. Adding to its excitement was its high whine, easily distinguishable from the throaty growl of the four-cylinder Offenhauser engines which pushed the rest of the cars. Also, there was something thrilling and flashy about its low Kurtis chassis with the trailing fin—a sort of car of tomorrow and a relief from the sameness of the other roadsters. The driver too was different: in such a young man's world Paul Russo was defying the laws of gerontology by driving his 10th "500" at the age of 42.

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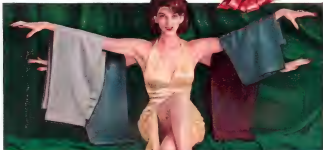
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# SCOREBOARD

## ... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Cricketer Len Hutton, Dudley's "Our Len" and Eric professional to captain England before he retired last January because of ill health, got just around for 21-year career outstanding batsman: knighthood from Queen Elizabeth.



A. J. Watson, seldom-faced master mechanic who saddled winning car for Bob Sweikert last year, made it two in a row at Indianapolis when Pat Flaherty drove Watson-built John Zink Special to victory in 500-mile classic (see page 27).

### RECORD BREAKERS

**Phenomenal Dale Long** of equally phenomenal Pittsburgh Pirates hit his eighth home run in as many games (May 28) before Brooklyn halted his string.

**Villanova's** high-swinging **Dan Bragg** cleared 15 feet 3 1/2 inches to surpass college golf mark standard in Pacific Association AAU meet at Stockton, Calif. (June 2), one of three track marks bettered on same day. Other records: University of Texas quartet of **Hellis Gentry**, **Rennie White**, **Walter McNew** and **Joe Villarreal** pruned through easily run 2,000-meter medley relay in 4:52.2 for new U.S. record, in Texas AAU meet at Corpus Christi; **Los Angeles' Jefferson H.S.** foursome tore off 1:26.3 clocking at Chico, Calif., bettering national inter-scholastic mark.

**Paul Anderson**, piano-legged Tennessean, Ga. Infantry, in Philadelphia to defend his AAU weight-lifting crown, warmed up with 490-pound press, stepped up tempo to break three heavyweight world records: 325 in snatch; 449 in clean and jerk; 1,175 for total lift (June 1).

### BASEBALL

**Pittsburgh's** hungry Pirates turned hope into fact, moved into National League lead for few happy hours after taking first game of Sunday double-header from Milwaukee 3-1, dropped mere six percentage points behind Braves when they lost second 4-3. Earlier in week, nail-throwing **Hal Friend** beat Brooklyn 3-2, Milwaukee 4-1, became baseball's winningest pitcher with 9-2 re-

cord. Cincinnati took two out of three from slipping St. Louis (who also lost three to Philadelphia), split four with New York to take over third place while Cards slid to fourth. 8181-faltering Brooklyn continued to muddle along in second division, came back from harrowing experience of losing three straight to last-place Chicago to beat Cubs 4-3.

New York used Mickey Mantle's booming bat to good advantage against Boston and Washington, beelied up American League lead to 6 1/2 games before running into streaking Detroit, scrambling back after poor start. Red-hot Tigers swept three from Yankees, extending winning streak to six and soaring all way to fourth-place tie with Boston. Cleveland lost five out of seven, made way in second place for Chicago, who whipped Indians twice. Baltimore in two out of three to trail front-running Yankees by 4 1/2 games (for more faces and figures see page 33).

### TRACK & FIELD

**Villanova's** Irish-born **Don Delany** became third to outrun 4-minute mile on U.S. soil, barely outstriking Denmark's **Gunnar Nielsen** to win in 3:59 at Compton (Calif., Invitational) (see page 28). Among other winners: **Tom Courtney**, who outbathed world 880-meter record-holder **Roger Moore** in 1:49 flat mile; U.S. Army's **Ira Murawski**, who raced 100 meters in 10:12 to equal world mark; whale-sized **Perry O'Brien**, who hurled shot 93 feet 5 1/2 inches.

Duke's **Dave Neme**, as usual, captured

spotlight next night as athletes moved up to Stockton, winning 160 in 0:36.3 and 220 in 0:29.4 with aid of favoring wind. Delany dropped down to half mile, staged great finish to win in 1:49.5; O'Brien got off another 60-footer, this time for 93 feet 1/2 inch.

### BOXING

**Larry Boardman**, eager young slugger from Marlboro, Conn., with nontitle decision over Lightweight Champion **Wallace (Bud) Smith** and Featherweight Champion **Sandy Saddler**, showed his muscles as real contender, catching **Frankie Ryff** with solid right to jaw for clean KO in sixth at New York's Madison Square Garden. Boardman's victory gave hopped-down lightweight division needed shot in arm, brought title challenge from his father-manager, plaintive postfight query from shocked Ryff (never before on floor and beaten only once): "Was I really knocked cold?"

**Mike Pascano**, stride-stepping heavyweight, jugged, danced and weaved in and around **Chuck Spuler** for 19 rounds, got everybody's vote (including two judges' and most of 3,000 spectators) except that of Referee **Francis Ketchel** in his decision at New Orleans.

**Governor Gaddy Knight** accepted proffered resignations of all five members of California State Athletic Commission as aftermath of "most shocking" testimony given to special investigating committee, paying way for possible appointment of three-man

continued on next page

## FOCUS ON THE DEED



**HUNCHED-OVER** cyclists get vocal encouragement from enthusiastic clerics along the way as they pedal between Camogliano and Salerno in the 150-kilometer Giro D'Italia won by Miguel Poblet (shown in third place).



**HOISTED HIGH** on the shoulders of charging bull, Teresa Bette Ford escapes injury from a riding horn as impassive aficionados look on at Nogales, Mexico.





# COMING EVENTS

June 8 through June 17

## FRIDAY, JUNE 8

**Baseball**  
● Chicago vs. Philadelphia, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutual\*)

**Boxing**  
● Floyd Patterson vs. Tanany (Myrtales) Jackson, Inverlywights, Madison Square Garden, New York (12 rds. championship eliminator), 10 p.m. (NBC)

**Fencing**  
● Simple Foyou's Reels, New York (also June 9)

**Golf**  
● Corin Cap Ladies International Match, U.S. vs. Great Britain, Sandown, England (also June 9)  
● Sunnyside Tournament of Amateur Champions, Johnston, Pa. (through June 10)

**Horse Racing**  
● Ipsen Oaks, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old fillies, Epsom Downs, England

**Track & Field**  
● NJIA championships, San Diego (also June 9)  
● E. of Haddon International Meet, Haddon, N.J.

## SATURDAY, JUNE 9

**Auto Racing**  
● Targa Florio Sports Car race, Sicily (also June 10)

**Baseball**  
● Cincinnati vs. Brooklyn, Cincinnati, 1:15 p.m. C.D.T. (CBS\*)

● New York vs. Cleveland, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual\*)  
● NCAA College World Series, Omaha (through June 12)

**Boxing**  
● Martin Rodriguez vs. Gao Mosen, featherweights, Havana (10 rds.)

**Dog Show**  
● Alaska Kennel Club show, Anchorage, Alaska (also June 10)  
● Greenwich Kennel Club show, Greenwich, Conn.

**Horse Racing**  
● Argonaut Handicap, \$25,000, 1 mile, 3-yr.-olds and up, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif., 4:30 p.m. P.D.T. (NBC)

● Coaching Club American Oaks, \$50,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old fillies, Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:50 p.m. (NBC)

● The Champion, \$60,000, 1 mile, 3-yr.-olds, Belmont at Washington Park, Chicago, 4:45 p.m. C.D.T. (NBC)

● The Leonard Richards, \$25,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds, Delaware Park, Stanton, Del.

**Horse Show**  
● Santa Barbara Arabian Horse show, Santa Barbara, Calif.

**Ice Hockey**  
● North-South All-Star game, Geneva, N.Y.

**Boxing**  
● Livorno's rodeo, Livorno, Calif. (also June 10)  
● Economic rodeo, Edmonton, Alberta (first day)  
● Eastern Oregon Stock Show rodeo, Union, Ore. (first day)

**Boxing**  
● N.Y. Athletic Club Open again, New York

**Swimming**  
● San Leonde Relays, San Leonde, Calif.

**Track & Field**  
● Central Collegiate Conference Invitational, Milwaukee

● Senior Metropolitan Association championships, New York

● South Atlantic Association championships, Baltimore

● South Pacific Association, 10,000-meter championship, Los Angeles

## SUNDAY, JUNE 10

**Auto Racing**  
● USAC 160-mile Championship, Hitt, Milwaukee, 3 p.m. C.S.T. (NBC)

● NASCAR 175-mile Convertible Championship Circuit race, Watkinsville, N.J.

● NASCAR 250-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, Leno, Ark.

● TV ★ COLOR TV

**Baseball**  
● New York vs. Cleveland, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual\*)

**Dog Show**  
● Tawanda Valley Kennel Club show, Belvoir, N.Y.

● Western Slope Kennel Club show, Grand Junction, Col.

**Golf**  
● Palm Beach Royal, \$15,000, New Rochelle, N.Y. (first day), 4 p.m. (NBC)

● LPGA Triangle Round, \$10,000, Virginia Beach, Va. (first day)

**Horse Show**  
● Cowman Horse show, Fort Worth

**Olympics**  
● Experiment Games, Stockholm, Sweden (through June 17)

**Boxing**  
● Los Angeles Tachi Ocean race, Los Angeles

**Boxing**  
● Golden Rose Downhill, Mt. Hood, Ore.

**Track & Field**  
● 25-kilometer Walk, Pittsburgh

## MONDAY, JUNE 11

**Baseball**  
● Boston vs. Cleveland, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual\*)

**Boxing**  
● Gene Fowler vs. Danny Giovanni, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Rand)

● Hal (Walker) Jackson vs. Jimmy Mackey, lightweights, New Orleans (10 rds.)

**Track & Field**  
● Eastern Intercollegiate Championships, Hamilton, N.Y. (through June 16)

## TUESDAY, JUNE 12

**Baseball**  
● Chicago Cubs vs. New York Giants, Chicago, 1:25 p.m. C.D.T. (Mutual\*)

**Golf**  
● Women's College Championship, Lafayette, Ind. (through June 16)

● Women's Eastern, Glen Cove, N.Y. (through June 14)

**Horse Racing**  
● Honeymoon Stakes, \$10,000, 1 mile, 3-yr.-old fillies, Hollywood Park, Inglewood, Calif.

**Track & Field**  
● USLA Men's Senior and Father and Son Clay Court Championships, St. Louis (through June 17)

## WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13

**Baseball**  
● New York Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual\*)

**Boxing**  
● Joey Giambra vs. John L. Sullivan, middleweights, Belmont, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

**Horse Racing**  
● National Stallion Stakes, \$25,000, 1 1/4 miles, Belmont Park, N.Y.

## THURSDAY, JUNE 14

**Baseball**  
● Boston vs. Cleveland, Boston, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual\*)

**Boxing**  
● Jimmy Carter vs. Laura Sales, lightweights, Los Angeles (10 rds.)

**Golf**  
● U.S. Open, \$20,000, Oak Hill Country Club, Rochester, N.Y. (through June 16)

**Horse Racing**  
● The Motor City Pace, \$25,000, Lionsa, Mich.

**Boxing**  
● Four Class Olympic Fight, Suzanne's Bay, Miss. (through June 12)

**Track & Field**  
● International Championships, Ft. MacArthur, Calif.

## FRIDAY, JUNE 15

**Auto Racing**  
● NASCAR 100-mile Grand National Championship Circuit race, Charlotte, N.C.

● NASCAR 195-mile Convertible Championship Circuit race, Dover, Pa.

**Boxing**  
● Miguel Berrios vs. Sherif Hamid, featherweights, Madison Sq. Garden (12 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

**Boxing**  
● Salido slalom and white water race, Salido, Cal. (through June 17)

**Horse Racing**  
● American Trotting Championship, \$25,000, Westbury, N.Y.

● Three-Year-Old Pace, \$27,000, Cicero, Ill.

**Boxing**  
● Santa Rosa Championship High School rodeo, Santa Rosa, New Mexico (through June 17)

**Track & Field**  
● Wightman Cup matches, U.S. vs. Great Britain, Wimbledon, England (also June 16)

**Track & Field**  
● NCAA championships, Berkeley, Calif. (also June 16)

## SATURDAY, JUNE 16

**Baseball**  
● Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Brooklyn, 3:45 p.m. (CBS\*)

● New York vs. Cincinnati, New York, 1:55 p.m. (Mutual\*)

**Boxing**  
● Tony De Marco vs. Vince Martinez, welterweights, Boston (10 rds.)

**Golf**  
● U.S. Open, \$20,000, Oak Hill Country Club, Rochester, N.Y. (first day), 4 p.m. (NBC)

**Hill Climb**  
● SECA Hill Climb, Mt. Fuji, N.Y.

**Horse Racing**  
● The Belmont, \$180,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-olds, Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)

● Belmont Turf Handicap, \$50,000, 1 3/16 miles, 3-yr.-old and up, Belmont at Washington Park, Chicago

● Delaware Oaks, \$25,000, 1 1/4 miles, 3-yr.-old fillies, Delaware Park, Sherman, Delaware

● Queen's Plate, \$48,000 added, 3-yr.-old fillies in Canada, 1 1/4 miles, New Woodbine Course, Toronto

**Hill Climbing**  
● National Stampede Association, Indianapolis, Ind.

**Motor Racing**  
● Maple Leaf Trophy, Windsor, Ont.

**Boxing**  
● International Boxing Association again, Syracuse, N.Y.

● Tale vs. Harvard, New London, Conn.

**Boxing**  
● Newport Bermuda Yacht race, Newport, R.I.

## SUNDAY, JUNE 17

**Auto Racing**  
● NASCAR 100-mile Convertible Championship Circuit race, Salsola, Mo.

● NASCAR 500-lap Short Track, Flat Rock, Mich.

**Baseball**  
● Brooklyn vs. Milwaukee, Brooklyn, 2 p.m. (Mutual\*)

\*See local listing

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## LADIES FIRST

UNCLE SAM may be worried about his tennis nephews, but he's losing no sleep over his nieces. At Wimbledon this month, the dominance of American women, which has lasted for 19 years, is unlikely to be broken.

If European tennis galleries are good judges, the most exciting U.S. prospect since the relentless little court killer, Maureen (Little Ma) Connolly, will be the tall (5 feet, 10½ inches), 28-year-old Negro girl, Althea Gibson, who has just won her first major tournament by taking the French title in Paris. This was Althea's seventh tournament victory in succession, and her 13th since she began her world tour last winter at New Delhi, India.

Not that Miss Gibson (who was born in Silver, S.C., but whose home is in New York) is a newcomer to tennis fans in this country. She made her bow on American courts six years ago, to the accompaniment of a violent thunderstorm, the reverberations of which may yet shake tradition-steeped Wimbledon. That was on an August afternoon in 1959, at the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills. Althea, an unknown quantity as a tennis player and the first woman of her race to compete in the national tournament, was

meeting Louise Brough, the blond stylist from Beverly Hills, Calif., who was already a proven champion and is the present Wimbledon titleholder.

While black clouds gathered, Miss Gibson fought to the brink of an astounding upset. After dropping the first set 1-6, she won the second 6-3 and then marched to a 7-6 lead in the decisive third—one game from triumph. The Forest Hills crowd, first staggered and then delighted, was solidly for her.

Then the heavens opened, and the court was deluged. Lightning sheared one of the huge concrete eagles from the top of the stands and sent it crashing to the ground. The match had to be discontinued.

The next day, refreshed and poised, Louise ran out three straight games to pull out the match. Althea seemed stunned. She never quite recovered her full stature—until now. Her contemporaries said she had the shots but lacked the killing instinct.

This—the vital ability to put over a knockout blow which distinguishes champions from perennial also-rans—may have been Althea's great discovery during her recent international campaign. A similar experience trans-



THE YOUNG ARE STEADY: BARBARA BRETT

formed players like Ellsworth Vines, Don Budge and Tony Trabert.

Until Paris, Miss Gibson was still missing the opportunity of hitting a forcing shot and following it to the net, which would have won some of those tournaments more quickly. So it seems that self-confidence was still her big problem. And it is a problem lodged, not in doubts about her own brand of tennis, but in the peculiarly lonely fight up the ladder which has been hers.

After she won the Italian title this year, SF's Rome correspondent, Walter Guzzardi, talked to her and did not find her entirely relaxed after her Far Eastern swing which had taken her through New Delhi, Rangoon, Calcutta, Lahore and Bangkok.

"Traveling around like this isn't easy. I'll bet I've lost 20 pounds on this trip. I eat a lot [preference: cereal], but on the courts I work it off. But it's



ALTHEA GIBSON: THIS MAY BE HER BIG YEAR



LOUISE BROUGH: FOUR WIMBLEDON TITLES



SHIRLEY FRY: RANKED HIGHEST OF THEM ALL

thing. Sometimes I had to give away the cup. I won because I didn't have room for them in my luggage."

Athia admits to nervousness off the court: "I'm always nervous before a match—right here," she demonstrated by jabbing herself in the upper abdomen with a long, bony finger. "But once I'm on the court, I forget about everything but that ball. . . . I think about the ball."

"Sure, these girls like Connolly and Hart are tough. The toughest. But now that they're gone, don't think it's easy."



THE YOUNG ARE STRONG: DARLENE HART

If opponents are good enough to play tournament tennis, they're tough. I don't underestimate any of them. Think about the steady wave—always the ball back in play, the ball back in play. Every player finds that type hardest to beat."

She has come a long way since, aged 12, she used to think about paddling a ball around the streets of Harlem under the fatherly eye of New York's Police Athletic League. Slightly knock-kneed, she moves rangily around the court like a faintly awkward panther. She gives that tennis ball a very unladylike smack. Her service is big, reliable and bursting with power. Her backhand is strong and graceful, and she thinks she has improved it a lot: "I really worked on it all through Italy. It was inconsistent, but I think I've got it straightened out now." Miss Gibson's footwork was also occasionally imperfect, and of this she says, "I feel more at home on grass—that's one reason I'm looking forward to Wimbledon."

If Athia has got over her "runner-up complex", she will take a lot of beating at the All-England championships, although there she will face

the best of American stars who weren't in the overseas tournaments which the New York girl won. They know that Wimbledon counts more than most other tournaments put together, and they will all be grooming for it.

First of these will be her old thunderscore adversary, titleholder Louise Brough. Louise is always a strong competitor, and she seems to keep some of her best tennis for the appreciative English crowds.

The last non-American girl to win at Wimbledon was Dorothy Round, of Britain, in 1937. Since then, such great names as Marble, Betz, Osborne, Brough, Hart and Connolly have been among the procession of American winners. Louise Brough has won four Wimbledon crowns, but Helen Wills Moody's seven still stands as the modern record.

Maybe the strongest non-American contender will be Angela Mortimer of Great Britain, the Wightman Cup star who, until the Paris tournament, was something of a jinx for Athia Gibson. Pat Ward, also of Britain and finalist in the U.S. championships last year,



THE YOUNG HAVE FORM: KAROL FAGEROS

is another threat—but a distant one.

Australia's Jennifer Hoad, attractive wife of Lew Hoad, is an improving player, and from down under there are other stout bidders in Mrs. Thelma Long, Mary Hawton, Fay Muller and a couple of youngsters. The Wimbledon lists will be dotted with interesting names like Pilar Barrio of Spain, Jean Forbes and Dora Killian of South Africa, Suzie Koermeser of Hungary, and the Italian glansur queens, Lea Pericoli, but these girls haven't shown enough to crack the American monopoly.

The Wimbledon title could go to any

one of several U.S. girls. Miss Brough has to be rated favorite because she is a proven winner, but Athia Gibson, with her great strength and grace, could finally forget that setback by a storm and prove herself the world's best.

Beverly Baker Fleitz, the girl with no backhand (she swings a racket from left or right), will be a strong contender. So will veterans Shirley Fry and Dorothy Kande. The former is now first in the U.S. amateur feminine hierarchy (although officially ranked second to Dora Hart, who has turned professional), and there is no reason to assume she will not successfully defend that honor.

The U.S. is steeped in women's tennis talent. It seems to come in an almost endless flow. A stepladder appraisal would go like this:

**Established stars:** Shirley Fry, Louise Brough, Dorothy Head Kande, Beverly Fleitz, Athia Gibson.

**On the Overboard:** Barbara Breit, 18, whose steadiness is remarkable for her years; Darlene Hart, 20, equally endowed with strength and charm; Mary Ann Mitchell, 17, whose game has impressed the experts; Mini Arnold, 17, whose smile betrays the fight she puts up for every point; Karol Fageros, 22, a truly pleasing player to watch.

**Plodders:** Karen Hanitz of San Diego, Calif.; Virginia Hens of Hamtramck, Mich.; Nancy Richey of Houston and Sandy Warkshaw of Tampa, Fla.

The last four girls are all 13-year-olds of exceptional promise. We have no Wills or Connolly in 1956 but, if we could feel as happy about our men as our girls, we should be approaching the summer's big tournaments with no worries at all. (X-M)



THE YOUNG HAVE FIGHT: MINI ARNOLD

A pound of lead is worth a neck and can turn victory into defeat. So horsemen will always keep crying to

**MR. HANDICAPPER**

**T**HE question of weight carrying—and specifically the ratio of weights in the leading handicap races—is probably one of the most controversial subjects in racing today. We've heard and read more about the assignment of weights in the handicap division this season than in recent years, and the reason undoubtedly can be traced back to the day at Hialeah last winter when Leslie Combs II said he wouldn't start Nashua if he was ever given more than 130 pounds to carry. Now, essentially, Mr. Combs—or any other owner of a fine champion—cannot be faulted for feeling that the handicapper (who usually has the title of Racing Secretary) sits up nights devising fiendish methods of weighting his fields in such manner that the best horse has no chance of winning. Owners and trainers traditionally come around, upon the announcement of the weights, to condemn the injustice of asking "my poor little horse" to carry such an unforgivable burden. The late John Campbell, official handicapper for the Jockey Club, got so accustomed to the steady stream of incensed trainers parading in and out of his office that he hung an official crying towel by the door, and when the verbal warfare became—as it nearly always did—too noisy, he'd simply turn off his hearing aid.

By definition a handicap is a race in which the weights to be carried by the horses are adjusted by the handicapper for the purpose of equalizing their chances of winning. Mr. Campbell's successor at all the New York tracks, Frank E. (Jimmy) Kilroe, has his own definition of the handicap: "Before it most of the people think they have a real good chance. And after it they think they have a real good sense." Actually you might say that the handicap is a necessary evil to the sport of racing. Evil because no contest is really a true test of superiority unless it is conducted on even terms. And yet a necessity because how can you expect

man with an average horse to keep on running him week after week against a good horse unless the weights—and weight in racing is the only equalizer—give him at least some sort of chance? For example, how many of the stables who have competed against Nashua in the champion's five handicap races this season do you suppose would have been willing to tackle him at equal weights? When Nashua finished fourth (although beaten only a length for a part of it) in last week's Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park, he was giving away from 14 to 25 pounds to his seven rivals. The winner, Mrs. Edward K. Robbins' Middletown, who has

## A RACE TO SEE

Assuming that the best horses in America could be assembled for a 1 1/2-mile race over a dirt track, the weights might be assigned as follows: Swaps 130, Ninkaa 129, Social Outcast 128, Bobby Brocato 123, Fied 117, Fisherman 117, Fortenhouse 116, Mr. Gun 116, Middlehammer 115, Nance's Lad 115, Joe Joem 114, Switch On 112. (Excepted from this field are: all 3-year-olds, who will have their chance to meet older horses in the fall races; Sailer, recently retired; and Summer Tux, soon to start consistently.)

never won a stake before, get in with 111 pounds to Nashua's 130. That's a 19-pound spread, and, as Trainer Tom Walter frankly stated later, "The only reason we entered was because we figured we had slightly the best of it in the weights." Winning Jockey Bill Boland said, just as candidly, "My horse ran the best race of his career [his time for the mile, 1:30, was the second fastest ever turned in at Belmont], but I wouldn't kid anyone. The odds were 10 to 1 for us."

"There is," says Handicapper Kilroe, "no positive rule to follow in assigning weights. In general you can

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## HORSE RACING

Continued from page 14

figure a length at a mile is equal to about 2 1/2 or three pounds (at distances under a mile it is about four pounds to a length, and at a mile and a quarter it is about two pounds to a length), but there are other factors to consider, such as current form, one horse's preference for a certain kind of track, and, in looking over past performances, the appreciation of how the various horses were going at the finish."

Kilise is highly in favor of more weight-for-age events (such as the Synony and Jockey Club Gold Cup) to determine genuine superiority, but he also appreciates that such races usually draw small fields which do little to encourage a large pari-mutuel turnover. In contrast to the handicap, the weight-for-age race is one in which all horses carry weight according to the official scale of weights and according to sex and age regardless of ability or form. Thus, in the Synony in the fall it is expected that the best 3-year-olds, all carrying scale weight of 121 pounds, will take on the leading horses of the handicap division, all carrying 126 pounds. Quite obviously a race of this significance can hardly expect to attract any but the very best horses in training.

To get back for a moment to the question of weight itself and Combe's statement about the 130 pounds on Nashua. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, who trains Nashua, puts forth the argument that weight in excess of 130 pounds can only hasten the end of a career and openly invite a serious breakdown. Among those who agree

with him and favor the 130-pound limit are Ben Jones of Calumet Farm and King Ranch-owner Robert Kleberg. "There's no question that horses are capable of carrying a lot more weight," said Mr. Kleberg the other day, "but my point is that I can't see the necessity for requiring them to do so at the risk of breaking them down. You can still have a perfectly fair handicap with a top weight at 130 pounds and let your handicapper take the weight off the bottom end."

A dissenting opinion was voiced by Mr. Kleberg's trainer, Max Hirsch. "If great horses in the past could win carrying more than 130 pounds, a great horse should be able to do the same thing today—if he's a great horse. Everybody appreciates the fact that a horse isn't going to win every race. Owners shouldn't expect to win everything. They should be satisfied to run with any weight assigned by a competent Racing Secretary, and be thankful when they win that their horse is good enough to do the job. Speaking of weight, how about the jockeys? A horse can win a two-mile steeplechase carrying over 165 pounds. Maybe he's not going as fast as Citation, but he's doing the best he can, and if he's good he doesn't break down either. But, shrugs, I like to think of racing as a sport even if it's also a business. Nobody forces a man to enter his horse in any race, but once he decides to run, then run for the pleasure of it and forget about how much money your horse might win you. Weight is going to get you beaten once in a while, but a man who doesn't expect to take a beating shouldn't be in horse racing to start with." (END)



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Baseball is mainly about bats, balls and base hits  
but another old and honorable facet of the game is

## THE RHUBARB

**T**HE OTHER NIGHT in Cincinnati Umpire Larry Goetz called an automatic third strike on Redfield Batter Frank Robinson while Robinson was still arguing with him about his call on the second strike. Subsequently, he ordered two of Robinson's protesting teammates from the game, in the next inning threw the opposing catcher, Wes Westrum of the New York Giants, out too for questioning a decision, and finished up by sending New York Manager Bill Rigney and a coach after Westrum. It was, in all, a full evening for Larry and one that the large crowd, which, though booing Goetz, nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed.

Baseball is probably the only sport in which disagreement with the decisions of duly appointed officials is an integral and welcome part of the game

itself. In some sports you scarcely ever notice the officials, and in others you are annoyed by them.

But baseball is a spectacle and the actions of the umpire beyond strict performance of duty are part of that spectacle, and so are the reactions of the players to the umpire (or, more rarely, to other players and spectators).

Furists will resent this idea. They hold that arguments and fighting have no place in the game, and that the ideal umpire is he whose decisions go unquestioned and who therefore is not noticed. But baseball, happily, isn't cricket, and even such a conservative baseball man as Will Harridge, the venerable president of the American League, is pro-rhubarb. "I love to see Casey Stengel come out and argue," he recently told John Carmichael of



LOFTY UMPIRE SPURNS WRATHFUL CATCHER

the *Chicago Daily News*. "And so," he added, "do the fans."

Harridge, of course, is right. Cincinnati Coach Jimmy Dykes was defending a Redfield player a few weeks ago for yelling at an umpire after he had been called out at second base on a close play in a tight game. "Hell," said Jimmy, "if the player don't yell in a spot like that, the fans think he don't give a hoot whether he wins or loses. What do the umpires want him to do, just walk off the field like nothing happened? A player's got to heat."

Most umpires agree that rhubarb is part of the baseball diet, but they feel it must be controlled. In the minor leagues, where umpires frequently lack real authority or command, on-field arguments sometimes become ridiculous in their fury. Baseball isn't all that important.

Larry Goetz will tolerate a ballplayer who has to blow off steam, though admittedly not for very long. But Goetz simply will not condone anything that he believes is undermining the umpire's basic authority and, therefore, his control of the game.

He is forever telling young umpires to clamp down on rebellious players. Goetz feels that once an umpire lets a player get away with abuse of authority, he leaves himself open to an unmerciful bullying. He will then be challenged on every close decision, and the umpire's control of the game will steadily deteriorate.

A few years ago Wally Moon of the St. Louis Cardinals protested a strike called by a young umpire. Hot words were exchanged, and in front the third-base coaching box leered Eddie Stanky, the skilled umpire-baiter who was then manager of the Cardinals. He soothed Moon, restored peace and then returned, apparently quietly, to his coaching position. But as he walked

### HIGHLIGHT

Here is a new baseball feature. Each week HIGHLIGHT will bring you to the middle of the diamond for a quick, probing look at the week's most significant baseball news, whether it be a sudden return to form by a team hindered by slumping stars, a trend toward stolen bases or the emergence of an important new pitcher.

Last week, for instance, the peasant races suddenly took clear shape. The New York Yankees stretched their lead at one point to 5½ games, and you could feel despair settle over the rest of the American League. How could anyone possibly catch the awesome Yankees?

And yet New York was playing at almost precisely the same rate they were last year at this time, and later on they slumped twice badly for a spell. The Boston Red Sox and the Baltimore Orioles had improved considerably over last year, and the rest of these lesser lights of the league (those who finished fourth through eighth in 1985) were playing at about the same rate. Only the Chicago White Sox and the Cleveland Indians had sloughed off, but that, all by itself, was the reason for the Yankees' big lead. The key was the White Sox; they lost their first five games to the Yankees, but

beat the Indians six of the next seven, including that big Memorial Day double-header.

In the National League, where the race is an exciting scramble, the teams finally began to assume personality, like a child that has been home from the lydia-hospital for a couple of months and has finally learned how to smile. Hitherto, the personalities of the parents (last year's teams) were ascribed to 1986's infants. Now, though, we know that the Pittsburgh Pirates are more than just precocious children with a knowledge of big words. They are high school kids, with all the enthusiasm and muscles of high school. Very likely they will quiet down but they bear watching, for high school kids are almost men. The Milwaukee Braves are mature, capable and poised. The Cincinnati Redlegs are big and muscle-bound, without much direction. The St. Louis Cardinals are slightly schizophrenic: half reputation and real ability (they produced the season's first triple play last week) and half memories and shaky pitching.

As for the World Champions Brooklyn Dodgers, they are old and tired and just a little desperate.

past the umpire, he made a tart comment supporting Moon's copiolist. Technically, he was disputing the umpire's judgment on balls and strikes, a luxury the rules expressly forbid to managers, lest each of the 150 strike-on-ball decisions in a game inspire argument. Technically, he should have been ordered out of the game. But the young umpire, seeing Stanky walking quietly on toward third base, said and did nothing.

After the game Goetz cornered his young cohort. "You know what you did?" he demanded. "You've made every other umpire's job in this league a little tougher. Unless somebody jumps on those guys right away, they'll be yelling now on every pitch, every decision. You give them an inch and they come at you from every direction."

"You know what it means?" Goetz went on. "It means I got a job to do tomorrow. I have to set those guys

#### ETYMOLOGICAL NOTE

The word "vintarbh," meaning in baseball a fight or argument, is of recent origin. In 1935 a Brooklyn Dodger fan shot and killed a New York Giant fan in a barroom argument over baseball. A bartender described the incident to Baseball Writer Tim Meany as a "vintarbh," though no one is quite sure why. Meany repeated the word to Baseball Broadcaster Garry Schmanscher, and Broadcaster Red Barber picked it up after hearing both Meany and Schmanscher use it. Barber later utilized the word frequently on his radio broadcasts of Brooklyn Dodger baseball games. He had an immense listening audience and the word soon passed into the language.

straight. Instead of having a nice quiet afternoon behind the plate, I'm going to have a tough job of work."

The next afternoon, with Goetz behind the plate, Wally Moon again took exception to a strike call. Again he lifted his face to the sky in mock despair and turned toward the umpire.

"Don't look at me!" Goetz snapped. "Turn around!"

Moon looked at him in amazement. "Turn around!" Goetz roared. "Don't look back at me!"

Moon backed out of the batter's box, angry now himself. In from third came Stanky. Goetz watched, alert. Again Moon was quieted down, and again Stanky walked around the umpire on his way back to third. As he passed Goetz he murmured the derogatory comment Goetz expected.

*continued on next page*

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## BASEBALL

continued from page 43

Goetz said nothing and did nothing, save to move his left thumb in the general direction of the St. Louis shower room. Stanky walked to the coaching box, turned and faced the plate. Goetz, impassive, looked at him and moved his thumb again. Stanky grinned sheepishly, and walked off the field without a word. Goetz had re-established command.

Goetz's attitude is undoubtedly the correct one. Rhabarb run wild will choke baseball, and it is best to prune it drastically on occasion with a Goetzian thumb. This may serve to justify Goetz's actions in Cincinnati the other night when Rookie Robinson backed out of the box and started to argue.

Now, there is nothing more galling to an umpire with 20 seasons in the major leagues behind him than having a 20-year-old rookie tell him he is wrong. What the umpire might tolerate in the veteran ballplayer he cannot abide in the neophyte. Goetz told

Robinson flatly that the pitch was a strike and that that was that. When Robinson continued to argue, Goetz signaled the pitcher to resume pitching, and when the ball came to the plate he called it strike three. Robinson was out, the inning was over and the 18,999 fans in Crosley Field were ready to throw fellow Cincinnati Goetz into the Ohio River.

Goetz, however, undoubtedly felt that he was entirely justified. The game, a tense one, had to be controlled; this was almost certainly the reason why he threw Westman out so quickly in the following inning.

Even Manager Birdie Tobbetts of the Redlegs admitted that Goetz's actions were justified under baseball law, though Birdie did protest that he thought Larry had been a little hasty. At any rate, you can be reasonably sure that the next time young Frank Robinson gets involved in a dispute with Goetz—or any other umpire—he'll know who is in ultimate control of the game and when it is wise to cut the rhabarb. (E.M.R.)

## X-RAY

### TEAM STANDINGS

#### NATIONAL LEAGUE

| First Week (4/23-4/29)    | Second Week (4/30-5/6)      |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Philadelphia 5-7 .314     | St. Louis 10-12 .458        |
| Pittsburgh 6-7 .461       | Pittsburgh 14-15 .500       |
| Chicago 6-8 .424          | Cincinnati 13-18 .421       |
| Cincinnati 5-4 .556 1     | St. Louis 14-18 .556 1      |
| Washington 14-10 .583 1/2 | Boston 20-19 .512 1         |
| Brooklyn 10-17 .370 1/2   | New York 14-22 .442 1/2     |
| New York 10-18 .370 2/2   | Philadelphia 14-20 .400 1/2 |
| St. Louis 14-20 .370 3/2  | Chicago 13-25 .342 1/2      |

#### AMERICAN LEAGUE

| First Week (4/23-4/29)    | Second Week (4/30-5/6)      |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Boston 6-0 .600           | New York 21-18 .544         |
| Chicago 5-2 .314 1/2      | Chicago 20-18 .526 1/2      |
| Baltimore 4-4 .500 1/2    | Cleveland 21-18 .526 1/2    |
| New York 4-4 .500 2/2     | Boston 20-11 .550 1/2       |
| Boston City 3-4 .429 1/2  | Detroit 21-20 .510 1/2      |
| Boston 2-5 .273 1/2       | Philadelphia 20-21 .486 1/2 |
| Washington 1-6 .300 1/2   | Kansas City 17-25 .402 1/2  |
| Philadelphia 2-6 .286 1/2 | Washington 18-27 .400 1/2   |

### TEAM LEADERS

#### NATIONAL LEAGUE

| Batting         | R.R.       | Pitching     |
|-----------------|------------|--------------|
| Ed. Stanky .342 | Robinson 8 | Bull 4-2     |
| Phil Long .340  | Robinson 8 | Robinson 4-2 |
| Phil Long .340  | Robinson 8 | Robinson 4-2 |
| Phil Long .340  | Robinson 8 | Robinson 4-2 |
| Phil Long .340  | Robinson 8 | Robinson 4-2 |
| Phil Long .340  | Robinson 8 | Robinson 4-2 |
| Phil Long .340  | Robinson 8 | Robinson 4-2 |
| Phil Long .340  | Robinson 8 | Robinson 4-2 |
| Phil Long .340  | Robinson 8 | Robinson 4-2 |
| Phil Long .340  | Robinson 8 | Robinson 4-2 |

#### AMERICAN LEAGUE

| Batting        | R.R.      | Pitching |
|----------------|-----------|----------|
| NY Marlin .411 | Marlin 25 | Ford 1-3 |
| NY Marlin .411 | Marlin 25 | Ford 1-3 |
| NY Marlin .411 | Marlin 25 | Ford 1-3 |
| NY Marlin .411 | Marlin 25 | Ford 1-3 |
| NY Marlin .411 | Marlin 25 | Ford 1-3 |
| NY Marlin .411 | Marlin 25 | Ford 1-3 |
| NY Marlin .411 | Marlin 25 | Ford 1-3 |
| NY Marlin .411 | Marlin 25 | Ford 1-3 |
| NY Marlin .411 | Marlin 25 | Ford 1-3 |
| NY Marlin .411 | Marlin 25 | Ford 1-3 |

## HEROES AND GOATS

### THE SEASON (to June 3)

| Best                           | Worst                          |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
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| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |

### REAR PRODUCE

| National League                | Worst                          | Worst                          | Worst                          |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
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| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |

### THE WEEK'S BEST IS (4-10)

| National League                | American League                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
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| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |

### THE WORST

| National League                | American League                |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
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| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |
| Spring (NL) Rogers, St. L. 480 | Spring (AL) Rogers, St. L. 480 |

## TIP FROM THE TOP



for all golfers except  
low-handicap players

from CHARLES MCKEENA, Oak Hill Country Club, Pittsford, N. Y.

It's a rare day when you'll see an average golfer practicing approach shots, chip shots or trap shots. And that is one of the many reasons why his game doesn't improve. If he does design to practice, the driver is his weapon. He won't relinquish the idea that a 250-yard drive is the game's biggest thrill. This is not the attitude of the good golfer. He would rather run up a fine chip shot for his birdie or par any time.

When you are chipping from 30 yards out, you can use a number 6, 7, 8 or 9 iron. The particular club depends for the most part on your preference, with due respect, of course, to the lie of the ball and the terrain to be dealt with. But the stance and the club action are fundamentally the same in all cases. Use an open stance—the left foot back slightly from the line of the shot. Keep the weight more on the left foot than on the right. Bend the knees a bit so that you feel an inclination to sit. Don't pick the club up on the backswing. Brush it away from the ball, keeping the wrists firm so that the stroke doesn't become wobbly. Try not to hurry or to poke the ball, and don't try to lift the ball. The club will do that for you. And after you have contacted the ball, let the club head swing out toward the hole.



Above: the golfer's wrists are kept firm on the backswing. At right: the length of the follow-through should be about equal to the length of the backswing



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Clear hugles on the Mississippi as

Crip and Josephine proudly herald

## NUMBERS 30 & 31

Roosting on a rooftop just behind the Mississippi levee in New Orleans, a group of men and women kept a four-day vigil last week, staring down into a patch of weeds and grass at the unfolding of an event which no man had ever seen before, the hatching of a pair of whooping cranes.

In many respects the arrival of the two rusty-brown fledglings in the Audubon Park Zoo was an ornithological miracle. The parent birds, Crip and Josephine, had both been wounded by gunshot years before. They had been captured and shunted back and forth between Texas and Louisiana. They had been kept under conditions utterly foreign to the wild and wary race of whooping cranes.

Their previous nesting attempts had resulted in failure, except in 1950 when they produced a chick on the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, on the Texas coast. But that chick, dubbed Rusty, disappeared four days after hatching, apparently the victim of a raccoon. Nobody ever got within 150 yards of Rusty. When the whoopers left the refuge this spring for their breeding grounds in northern Canada there were only 27 of the wild birds left. The hatching of these babies by the captive birds brings the world whooping crane total to 31. If any are reared in Canada, the results will not be known until the crane families come back to their Texas wintering grounds this fall.

It also was a miracle that George Douglass, director of the zoo, did not collapse under the month-long strain of having the only captive whooping cranes in the world produce young under his care. At one crucial point Douglass, his muscles cramped from squatting on the slate roof, the only vantage point from which the nest could be seen, raised a strained face and said, "I'm taking sedatives."

The place where Crip and Jo nested was about as secluded as a baseball diamond. In fact, there are three baseball diamonds nearby, but the nearest

was closed for fear that a stray ball might sail over the fence. The New Orleans home of the cranes is an acre-and-a-quarter enclosure fenced with chicken wire strung on old railroad ties. It lies just behind a row of animal cages housing lions, elephants and bears. On the other side is a shed for park trucks and maintenance equipment. A hundred yards beyond that is the river levee. Along one side of Crip and Jo's pen runs a park drive.

The spot selected for laying the eggs



**ACTUAL-SIZE** painting shows whooping crane egg like those hatched last week in New Orleans' Audubon Park Zoo. Chicks arrived after month-long incubation period.

was right next to the chicken wire and only 25 feet from the back wall of the shed. As the birds took turns on the nest they could hear the deep whistles of boats on the river, the roar of lions, the yells of baseball players, the crowing of a bunch of bantam roosters and the murmuring of the pigeons that come to share their food. To top it all there was a floodlight on the shed which came on each night to cast its beams over the brooding birds.

Normally any one of these sights or sounds would be enough to give a whooping crane the creeping meemles, but Crip and Josephine, through years of captivity, have become accustomed

to their odd surroundings. The enclosure with its cedar trees, its althea shrubs, its crape myrtle trees and elderberry bushes has become their domain. There is a little pool of fresh water, and Hector Benoit, their keeper, brings food each day, entering and leaving with slow movements.

On April 27 Hector discovered a single egg near the fence. No nest had been built; the egg simply rested on the short grass. It was olive brown and spotted with darker brown markings, especially on the larger end. Four days later a second egg appeared beside the first. As the incubation continued the birds piled dried grass up around the eggs into a semblance of a nest. Rains came during the nesting month and the grass grew tall.

When the eggs were laid Douglass stationed a round-the-clock guard over his potential crane family, a keeper on one side of the pen and a policeman on the other.

During the incubation the five-foot birds took turns on the nest with Josephine doing most of the work. When

she wanted relief she gave a low, rolling call and Crip would come to the nest. She would rise and walk away, stretching her wings. Then he would step forward, reach down and roll the eggs about with his beak before settling over them. Each time there was a nest relief the arriving bird would roll the eggs slowly and carefully.

The incubation period could only be guessed at because in the case of Rusty the exact date the egg was laid had not been learned. It was thought to be from 32 to 34 days. In the early stages of the incubation period Josephine left the nest as much as six times a day and each time the male took over. As the

end of incubation drew near, Josephine left less frequently.

By Monday, the 31st day of incubation, there was a definite change in the behavior of Josephine. She refused to leave the nest, rising only occasionally to turn the eggs. She gave her low, gurgling call repeatedly, and at nightfall she was still sitting tight. During the night the guard telephoned the director saying that he heard peeping. Douglas got there at 1:20 a.m. and stayed until 3:30 a.m. During that time he thought he heard peeping too. If they did, the chick was peeping inside the cracked egg as in the case with baby chickens.

The next morning Josephine was still on the nest. A long ladder had been placed against the shed, giving access to the steep roof from the side away from the cranes. From the ridge, observers could look down into the nest from a distance of only 40 feet. We sat on the ridge or clung to the slates with our heads peeking over. Each time Josephine rose to turn the eggs, eyes strained toward the nest. At first there

#### TRAGEDY

At dawn Sunday the younger and smaller of the two whooping crane chicks was missing. Ten zoo employees slashed the undergrowth with scythes and crawled through the grass in a vain search. George Douglas, zoo director, feared that an owl or a rat had made off with the weaker chick during the night. Immediately he had a smallish wire fence built, reducing the pen to one-sixth of its former size. Workmen also were covering the pen with a wire roof to keep out further marauders. At last report chick No. 1 was in fine shape—lanky, always hungry and growing fast.

was no sign of change, but at 10:15 a.m. she rolled one egg over. There on the top of it near the large end was a hole the size of a nickel.

"Did you see what I saw?" the director asked, lowering his binoculars. We nodded. Each time Josephine rose to turn the eggs the hole was a bit larger. It progressed around the shell until it was two inches long. At 2:45 p.m. a wing stuck out. The director called down orders to make sure the guards were at their posts. Josephine sat down again. But she kept shifting nervously on the nest. Crip remained nearby, treading up and down until he had matted down a large area of the long grass.

continued on next page



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## NATURE

continued from page 55

At 3:56 p.m. Josephine rose. The egg had broken open and beside it was stretched a brown form the size of a robin. It was damp and glistening and the down stuck close to its body. It threshed its stubby wings and peeped. The peep was like that of a baby chicken but louder and coarser. Josephine sat down again.

Douglass climbed down the ladder, hurrying to his office to carry out his promises to phone local papers "in case anything happens."

"The baby is strong, the mother is fine and I'm a wreck," he announced. "This is the best mother and father I've ever seen on a nest. It was a bird watcher's paradise."

At 5:34 p.m. Josephine rose and called to Crip. Crip walked over and for the first time obviously recognized the chick. Then the parent birds, standing side by side, raised their heads in the air and gave the loud call of the whooping crane, a call which is not a whoop at all but a clear, bugling sound. This time it was as though they were making their own announcement. Josephine went to the pool 20 feet away, drank and hurried back to the nest.

While she was gone Crip didn't cover the nest but moved around it slowly with his head down close to the newborn chick. Darkness came and the floodlight on the shed went on. Josephine sat on the nest as she always did at night. The tall grass cast shadow patterns over her white plumage. In the half light 10 feet from the nest stood old Crip, erect, silent and alert.

The asserted noises of the day were gone but for an occasional cry of some animal in the zoo. Crip stood straight as a sentinel, inclining his head now and then to gaze into the night sky.

By daylight the chick had fluffed out into a rich brown. It could stand but still stayed at its mother's side. At 7:35 a.m. Josephine reached out, caught a bug and tried to get the chick to take it. The chick grabbed for it but it was impossible to tell whether it went down. At 8:29 a.m. it started to rain, and Josephine eased the chick under her breast feathers.

At 11:25 a.m. the parents called, and Josephine relinquished the nest to Crip for the first time since the hatching of the chick. She walked over and ate hurriedly, her first meal in two days. She returned to the nest in 11 minutes. By 3:38 p.m. the chick was stronger and wandered 10 to 20 feet from the nest. The old birds changed places at intervals of a half hour to an hour.

The bird not on the nest continually tramped the grass near the chick, turning up grasshoppers, bugs and snails which were mashed and then passed to the chick which snatched them eagerly. The first morsel I saw the chick take was a plump spider. Once Crip caught a katydid but it was too big to be swallowed.

By this time the shed roof was crawling with student ornithologists, zoo employees and assorted photographers and reporters. The cranes paid almost no heed to the row of figures above them.

A hole was first discovered in the second egg at 3:06 p.m. Wednesday. Thursday dragged on without its



OLDER CRICK WATCHES OVER NEW ARRIVAL AS IT FLOUNDERED FORTH INTO THE DRASTIC WORLD



hatching. The hole got somewhat bigger and movement could be detected, but night came without a second chick.

"Do you think there's cause for worry?" Douglas asked, a distraught look in his eyes. During the night he didn't sleep a wink. At 5:25 a.m. Friday he climbed to the roof and sat there, a weary figure in the growing light. At 6:08 a.m. chick No. 1 came out from under the mother. At 6:17 a.m. Josephine rose and there in the nest was chick No. 2, already fluffy and able to sit up and take notice. Apparently it had hatched early in the night.

From his rooftop perch the director turned toward Ignatius Champagne, zoo maintenance man, standing in the yard below. Douglas raised two fingers in a sign which meant two chicks but which also was the V for Victory. Then he climbed down the ladder like a 10-year-old boy.

He passed the day answering the telephone and reading telegrams which came in from zoo directors, wildlife officials and others from many parts of the United States and Canada. By this time he was being called "Pop" all over New Orleans. At one point in his busy day he was asked what he intended to do with the young whoopers.

"We've got to raise 'em in captivity first," he said. "That's never been done, either."

Back in the pen Crip, a captive for seven years, and Josephine, a captive for 15 years, led their two fluffy offspring through the grass on a diligent bug hunt. After seven years of trying they were still intent on becoming the first to raise young whooping cranes under unnatural conditions. (END)

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# THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY ED ZERN AND TOM LINEAWEAVER

Based on regular weekly dispatches from 51 bureaus and special correspondents in the U.S., Canada, Mexico and overseas; and on reports from fish and game commissions of the 48 states and Alaska

### NEW MAN

APPOINTMENT of a new Secretary of the Interior is big news for conservationists any time, and so it was last week when the President named Frederick Andrew Seaton, 46-year-old Nebraska publisher, to succeed the controversial Douglas McKay, with whom they had often been at violent loggerheads (OUTDOOR WEEK, March 16, April 2).

Ex-Senator Seaton, although long known as a liberal Republican and highly respected White House adviser, is not publicly equated with any Administration policy, popular or otherwise. But outdoorsmen were encouraged to learn that he is an active hunter and fisherman, and Mr. Secretary dropped a couple of quotes to prove it: On dry-fly angling: "I'm the best in the world; every fisherman worth his salt regards himself as the best."

On hunting deer in the Black Hills country with his 30-06 rifle: "The finest deer rifle. . ."

On the general question of conservation Seaton gave SI a preliminary hint of his future policies. After noting the nation's burgeoning population he added: "It is obvious . . . that we must not only think seriously but act seriously in the propagation and preservation of our fish and wildlife. . ."

Seaton's cautious words will be hopefully received by conservationists, who will also be anxious to see how he implements them.

### AT ALL COSTS

FIERCELY paternal, the intrepid cock grouse just would not give up. If he wasn't camped on the runway defying planes to land at Hibbing, Minnesota's Municipal Airport, which has had its moments with a skunk (OUTDOOR WEEK, April 2), Herman was bouncing up to peck at their offending wings. If he wasn't screeching his annoyance at disembarked passengers he was bolting between the wheels of taxing planes invariably to be trapped in the prop

wash and blasted into a humiliating ball of flying feathers. But he was always on his feet to chase such presumptuous mechanical birds down the runway, and he had the admiration of all who knew him. They realized that he wasn't entirely crutchy, that his reckless forays stemmed also from an heroic determination to safeguard at all costs his mate and her clutch of grouse eggs tucked in the grass by the runway. Still, they sadly agreed, it was only a matter of time, and two weeks ago the time came. His judgment off, his courage at full tide, Herman charged into a whirling propeller. Except for a few wisps of down, all that remained was his reputation.

### GIRL MEETS BOY

ABOUT 1868 some girl gypsy moths and boy gypsy moths escaped the

clutches of an amateur Massachusetts entomologist who had imported them from Europe and founded a moth dynasty in this land of opportunity which has survived millions of dollars in eradication effort. Like the spruce budworm in the West, the eastern gypsy moth ravages these trees vital to watershed maintenance. But when the Department of Agriculture announced that it would soon begin DDT spraying by air in Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey the news was received with consternation by anglers who feared that trout and insect life in their much-revered streams would also be seriously affected.

They are aware that even if DDT is not applied directly over a stream, wind drift or a much later water runoff can contaminate it. This has already come to pass on New Brunswick's famed salmon river, the Miramichi, as well as on the Yellowstone River in Montana. During July of 1955, 132,355 acres of the Yellowstone River drainage were sprayed with an almost equal poundage of DDT, and three months later Montana biologists noted an obvious lack of insect life on streams within the sprayed area. They further

found "a severe fish mortality" on the Yellowstone, with dead fish in an "emaciated condition resulting from an inadequate food supply." The Forest Service, which handles spruce budworm control projects for the Department of Agriculture, is much concerned over the Yellowstone disaster; concerned enough to have delayed plans for spraying the headwaters of Montana's Madison River this summer and concerned enough to have called, on February 24 in Washington, a meeting between conservationists and government technicians. It was conceded at this meeting that the Yellowstone River debacle was caused by DDT, but there was some puzzlement as to why the Bitterroot River drainage, which had been sprayed in exactly the same fashion, came through unscathed. The Forest Service further pointed out that the Yellowstone case was by far the worst reported, that although stream life was sometimes battered after spraying, the effects were usually temporary and not serious. All hands agreed, nevertheless, that considerable research is necessary to insure against future mistakes.

Sportsmen will hope for research funds and for some method of gypsy moth and spruce budworm control that will leave trout waters untouched.

FISHERMAN'S  
CALENDAR

000—season opened  
04—open; 100—season closed or closed  
C—clear water; D—water muddy; N—water slightly high; H—high; R—rising; F—falling  
30°—F40—fishing good  
30°—F40—fishing poor; 040—outlook  
040—outlook poor

**TROUT:** PENNSYLVANIA: Trouted spot reports conditions still darkest in years. Central state streams HC after heavy rains. CP. Northern river waters B but CP E weather moderates. Limestone streams in Huntington, Blair and Centre counties having coffin fly hatch with FG at dusk in spite of murky water and cold weather.

**WISCONSIN:** Brooks and browns have started taking flies all over state and OF/OG. Two southern muskies at Mink River indicate fish have returned to Lake Superior. Until possible fall spawning run: OF.

ENTRANCE: ON across northern section of prairie but FF until expected warm weather takes effect. Bowley and Mandoulin creeks N and C and full of discolored slushes. Some lakes reported from Redstone Lake in Hubbard Co.

CONCORD: Gualadon River angler on pine and needles for expected mid-June willow fly hatch. OVG, but most other streams still M and K and OP/Y until they drop.

**STRIPED BASS, MANHATTAN:** Fish mania, and total stampede to Cape Cod Canal last night after Ku Kraker at Mattitikon, Conn., turned some trick last year. Largest first migrant of season, a 12-pounder, Thursday afternoon. Friday morning canal also gave up a 14-ouncer, and DYGL.

**NEW MOVIE:** 30- to 55-pounders including deep-profiled species all the way from Sandy Hook to Sealight, with OVD through June

continued on next page

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## THE OUTDOOR WEEK

continued from page 57

although night fishing with rigged nets and big plugs will also produce in weather warm. Sea turtles at Seal and Seabright report some fish, and OF.

**BLUESHARK:** NORTH CAROLINA: Water boiling with snappers in Oregon Inlet, Hatteras Inlet and in Dare coast surf. Most unusual trophy claimed by John Donohy of Sage Beach who snatched 18-pound, one-eyed fish from surf with his bare hands. For anglers who prefer rods, OFU.

**MIDWINTER:** Large schools of fatfish 20-pounds reported in Chesapeake. Larger ones reported last day, and OF.

**NEW JERSEY:** Speedy action for surf bugs from Long Beach Island north to Seaside Park, and OK for fish to 5 pounds.

## FISH BOX

Among last week's noteworthy catches: Mrs. Sybil Bridges, wife of U.S. Senator from New Hampshire, a 5-pound, 5-ounce LANDLOCKED SALMON from Lake Winnepesaukee; a 144-pound TARPON caught on 35-pound test line by Gregory Costa Jr., of Metuchen, N.J., fishing out of Marathon on the Florida Keys; by Otto Weigel of McCook, Neb., a 14-pound, 3-ounce WALLEYED PIRKE out of Maloney Lake for a possible Nebraska record; a 43-pound SHOVELBELL CYPRESS caught by William Brown of Wildwood Community, Tenn. after hour-and-a-half struggle in Douglas Lake; by Dana Wenter of Clinton, Maine, a 26-pound LAKE TROUT snagged at the northeast corner on far end of Moosehead Lake, which down-Easters claim is heaviest rod-and-reel lake in 25 or more years.

**PACIFIC SALMON:** CALIFORNIA: Turkey winds outside Golden Gate dampened results last week but a few fish to 10 pounds reported from Berkeley and at Shasta. Positive OK on wind drops. Monterey Bay still angling doing well in calm weather but salmon are reported running at 30 fish per OF/G.

**OUTRIGER FISHING:** PG for spring run fish to 30 pounds at Columbia River, Coos Bay and Seaside Inlet, and OK. Most points near Vancouver report OF/G.

**BLACK BASS:** NORTH CAROLINA: Lanes closed in all fresh waters on northeastern coast with some fish to 8 pounds; OFG. VIRGINIA: Spawning over and fish gorging on herring in the Chickahominy and York rivers; OFG.

**FLORIDA:** Central areas still plagued by drought. Best fishing in Folk County phosphate pits where water is down. OFG and red. West coast, especially in back waters of the Washlawater, OFG.

**TARPON:** FLORIDA: Action breaking all through Keys with OFG. Upper Keys angler action that Dupo Free of CNEBiche. Ohio bowler 115-pounder on 15-pound test line and sparring battle after longest-45-minute battle. FTG all along west coast, with routine catches over all Candy Bridge which hosts metropolitan Tampa and St. Petersburg. OFG through June.

**MUGGELLINGS:** KANSAS: Fish starting to hit in Chippewa River Passage and Lake Thompson on the Helderberg area. Red have are spooked, backtails and live warblers. OFG an weather hares.

**SHOREFISH:** FLORIDA: Recent party fish from one end of Keys to the other; OFG.

**TUNA:** HAWAII: Northern migration across basin still in full swing after late start. Cat Cap and Bering OFG and mid-June with bowlers to 600 pounds. Free-day 12th Annual Cat Cap Tuna Tournament ended Friday with 40 fish weighed in by 22 contestants. 6-pound was William S. Carpenter of Honolulu, Del., with 11 tons topping scale at total of 4,389 pounds.

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SI's columnist emeritus reviews the movie made from his book and decides that 'The Harder They Fall' fell prey to

# HOLLYWOOD HOKUM

WHEN I promised to fill my old space with a critique (or call it a blast) of *The Harder They Fall*, I didn't quite realize what I was letting myself in for. A fairly faithful and certainly forceful motion picture has been adapted by Mark Robson, the director, from my novel, and the film has won rudes from New York to Cannes.

But there is simply no pleasing some people. Take this columnist emeritus of SI; him there is no pleasing. As tact and force and well acted and vivid in detail as the picture is, it is guilty on at least half a dozen counts of presenting an inaccurate and overstated picture of boxing evils as they exist today.

Let's start with the ads. The picture promised to expose "the swindle that is big-time boxing."

Now I hardly qualify as an apologist for big-time boxing, but to suggest that every fight is fixed, every manager venal and every fighter a victim is to do a large injustice to hundreds of fine fighters and reliable trainers and managers whose careers ride on the unknown outcome of every big fight. If Sugar Ray wins, the Robinson myth sails on. If Olson loses, he's out of the big time for good and all. The big fights of recent years have all—or nearly all—been on the level. There is no moment of greater drama and uncertainty in the whole world of sports than the tinging few seconds when the antagonists dance in their corners waiting for the bell to send them out to do or be undone.

Yes, there have been barneys in boxing—Fus-Lametta, Graziano-Davey, Paddy Young-Gene Haireton, Art Aragon-Tommy Campbell, Gavilan-Saxton—to name a few. But boxing is not yet a vaunderlife. It is a professional sport which too often hides its face from scandal—a sport infected with Carlos and Paoleros and their complacent piecemen. And yet—and here *The Harder They Fall* fell down for me—it's a sport that has served well and been well served by such heroes as

Rocky Marciano, Archie Moore, Ray Robinson, Carmen Basilio and a dozen other stalwarts.

Actually, my book was first outlined in 1940-41 as a follow-up to *What Makes Sweeney Run?* It was put aside after Pearl Harbor when the fight world no longer seemed to demand attention. The colwabs were wiped away in 1946—but the story remained essentially a portrait of the fight game at its base worst in the early '30s.

If I had been making the picture, I would have 1) frankly planned it as a period piece or 2) updated it to a time when rogues still infest the fight biz but when they no longer operate with the crudity of a waterfront mob.

The opening fix in the movie would never get by today. A second who blinds a fighter he is handling as treated in the film would be caught in the act by any capable referee. And no longer is a handler permitted to throw a towel into the ring to signal the defection of his man. This was outlawed

in most places years ago for the precise reason that it led too easily to corruption.

While I have heard aroused fight crowds cry "yellow" at a fighter who is doing his best but poor best, I was unable to believe the scene in which Gus Dundee, the damaged ex-champion (truly played by Pat Connesky) crumples to the canvas and is carried out on a stretcher while the crowd roves him as a quitter and a coward. It is an immensely theatrical scene but, alas, it rings like a \$9 bell. It has been my misfortune to see a number of fighters carried out of the ring on stretchers. I was sitting in Willie Pep's dressing room last fall in Tampa when Fernan King was thus removed. There was a typical rowdy fight crowd. But nobody threw nothing, nobody said nothing. There was a hush. Death (two days later) was in the air. When a fighter goes down and fails to get up, when he's down so long as to need a stretcher (Bogey and Mark, listen this time: this is true) even the crassest and crassest of fans knows something most terrible is wrong. When (in the picture) a fat woman curses the dying ex-champ on his way up the aisle, nobody will ever say that isn't dramatic. But no one who knows the fight game will say it is true.

*The Harder They Fall* is being advertised as a picture that pulls no punches. I agree. But some of the punches are illegal because the gloves are loaded. In the book, for instance, it was enough that the lame giant was being thrown into the ring with the champion sans handicaps—somewhat



"One way or another, I've never fallen below my noble goals."

as a built-up Davey was thrown to Gavilan, who needed no dramatic gimmick for wanting to demolish him. The Kead was just so much the superior professional fighter that he could not help destroying Davey—even with his inability to hit the long ball. But what do we have in the film *The Harder They Fall*? A Moose Baer overplaying Max Baer saying he wants revenge on Toro (my guess) Moreno because Toro's press agent is taking the credit for killing Old Gus in the ring. It was his, Maxie's, punches what really put Gus under the daisies, argues Max. And he wants the glory as the true minister of death.

Birdseed, I have known boxers pretty well over a 30-year span. I have put in some hours with Fidel LaBarba, Mickey Walker, George Godfrey, Billy Soose, Jackie Fields, Roger Donoghue, Willie Pep, Lee Oma, Al Simon, Rocky Marciano—all kinds: intelligent, limited, cagey, generous; fighting fools, careful fencees, brilliant, pedestrian—all kinds. Some of them have figured in fatalities or near fatalities. Not one ever valued any other sentiment but anguish for any permanent damage inflicted on an opponent. Indeed, the men I have known who have suffered the death of an opponent in the ring are obsessed with the tragedy, haunted by the specter of the dead man's face.

So in the name of the boxing fraternity that has no idea I am scribbling these words, I accuse *The Harder They Fall* film makers of sensationalism above and beyond the call of dramatic art when they twist a heavyweight champion of the world into a leering psychopath. Maxie Baer, who queues through this incredible part, may have been a tamed tiger but he wasn't a monster.

Another point: the unhearsaid candle-camera scene of one Joe Greb, the broken-faced wino, an Skid Row is representative of lighting theater. A nice touch. But anyone who drives from the frightful scene the conclusion that all old fighters are toothless, penniless punchies should attend the next session of the Veterans Boxers Association. I respect old fighters and I long to see a home for the needy ones, based on the Motion Picture Relief Fund idea. But I know that some of the chief contributors will be veteran boxers themselves who are thriving in a score of enterprises from acting to banking.

Another fundamental difference between the novel and the film: the book opens with a loving account of classic

encounters between Frank Slavin and Peter Jackson, Corbett and Chaynski. Toro Moreno's bright career is backlit with tales of fistic courage, of Charlie Goldfman's devotion. The book is sprinkled with affectionate vignettes from the limbo world of Eighth Avenue. You can only hate truly the things you love. I accuse my talented friend Mark Robson of making his film out of hating for the sake of hating, without taking the trouble, the artistic trouble, the Dostoevskian trouble of first learning to love that which he would destroy.

It's a helluva picture, Mark—taut, terse, terse, tough, tenacious, terrifying. I think people ought to see it. An long as they know enough not to confuse trueness with truth.

One final nip of the fingers that feed me: in the original film ending, the press agent beaved the vengeance of the mob by writing an exposé which began with the flaming phrase: "Boxing must be abolished in America." I filed a protest, partly because this line was typed under the manuscript title of *The Harder They Fall*, smudging this writer's identity with that of Bogart's press agent. My own belief, not new to these columns, is that boxing ran no more to be abolished than booze, sex, religion and other hungers, for good or evil, in the soul and tissue of man. Boxing has been abolished, repeatedly, and each time has sprung up in rampant, bootleg form. The accommodating producers revised the line to read: "The boxing business must rid itself of . . . evil influence—even if it takes an act of Congress to do so." It would be childish even to cite this act of graciousness on the part of Columbia Pictures if so many critics had not based their reviews on press showings before the offending peroration was brought a little closer to my original intention. The result has been a stream of letters asking how I reconcile "abolishment of boxing" with my qualified support for the game in the pages of this magazine.

Boxing needs no act of Congress. It simply needs what baseball needed 25 years ago—a Landis, a Holland-type commission in authority to bring boxing into line throughout the land. Plus a front office wise enough to cooperate in the rehabilitation of the juvenile delinquent of American professional sport.

If *The Harder They Fall*, with its exaggerated but undeniable dramatic power, calls attention to this need, it may have served its purpose as a hay-making narrative of the worst that can happen. (ENR)



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American horsemen rise above the machine age to take part in the Equestrian Olympics, Melbourne's

## SWEDISH OVERTURE

THE GRAND FINALE in Australia lies ahead. But five months before Melbourne the Olympic scene is set in Stockholm. Here, where the first Equestrian Olympics were held in 1912, horses and riders from some 36 countries meet (June 10-17) for the eighth renewal of the biggest international competition of its kind.

Before the panicking Three Day event, the skilled dressage tests and the spectacular Prix des Nations jumping, all teams will mass in the stadium for the opening ceremonies, rich in Olympic tradition and embellished by the cachet of royal attendees.

Glittering carriages with the King of Sweden and the Queen of England, followed by the Queen of Sweden and the Duke of Edinburgh will circle the stadium to the royal enclosure. Then, following the Olympic flag, will ride the contending equestrians. When the Games are inaugurated by Sweden's King, fanfares will sound from the towers, the Olympic hymn will be sung, the flag will go up, 1,000 carrier pigeons

will be released and the Olympic salute will boom from outside the walls. One trusts the assembled horses will be unperturbed by all this. Then through the Marathon Gate will dash a horseman, halting to salute with raised torch, galloping down the field to light the Olympic flame.

First comes the Three Day event. For each of three days the same horse and rider will meet a different test. Day No. 1 is devoted to dressage of an intermediate type, less complicated than in the Grand Prix de Dressage later in the week.

The second day, the endurance phase, is the severest and most important, for it counts decisively in case of a tied score. Of the five sections making the endurance phase (which must be completed consecutively) the steeplechase and cross-country run are the most generous in points and most grueling for the horse—so much so that during the 1932 Olympics in Los Angeles a Japanese colonel, as a memorial plaque attested, turned aside from the

prize to save his horse. He heard the low voice of mercy, not the loud acclaim of glory.

For the survivors—perhaps half of the original entry—the third day is given to show jumping in the stadium over an irregular and winding course, but with obstacles less formidable than in the Prix des Nations.

The United States has, in the past, done well in the Three Day, winning its only Equestrian Olympic gold medals for the team performance. While the individual awards went to other nations, the Army teams drawn from the U.S. Cavalry were victorious in 1932 and again in 1948. Now the Army teams are no more, but the team of U.S. private citizens managed to place third in Helsinki and has more ambitious hopes plus more experience for this Olympics (see color pictures). Sweden has won the team prizes most often and, although faced with the same problem of a mechanized cavalry, is expected to fight hard for first. Germany, silver medal winners in 1932, returns with substantially the same riders and horses, all of whom have campaigned with great success in Europe between Olympics. The Italians, who find the dressage principles contrary to their principles of horsemanship, will also admit to a lack of the patience necessary for this training. So although they are assigned to beginning on the second day without a chance of winning the event, they are sure they will not finish anywhere near last. Great Britain, eliminated from the competition in 1932, is now a team highly favored by many, including the Queen, who has lent one of her own horses, Countryman.

The Grand Prix de Dressage opens on the sixth day. Sweden, again, has been most successful in this event. Dressage, often confined in the United States to the circus or to an exhibition during a horse show, is more appreciated as an art and studied as a science in other countries. The required subtle unity, delicate balance and perfect control call for years of patient practice, and the fine lines of difference, rewarding to the initiated, are not immediately apparent to the casual observer.

continued on page 87



**STADIUM FENCE** is jumped by Flanagan, Pat Smythe's choice for Prix des Nations test. The pair has been a successful combination in English and Continental shows.

**OUTDOOR OBSTACLE** is cleared by Walter Staley Jr.'s Mud Dauber during practice session before Games. Staley and other team members make final choice between two possible mounts in Stockholm.

Color Photographs by  
**RICHARD MEEK**







**BILL STEINKRAHN**, 26-year-old team captain from Connecticut, won 16 Olympic, Pan-American Games.

**WARREN WHIFFORD**, 29-year-old student from Kansas, now follows father and brother as Olympic rider.



**FRANK CHAPOT**, 24-year-old member of USAF from New Jersey, has long record of horse show wins in U.S.

**HUGH WILBY**, 25-year-old Navy aviator from Maryland, rode last year with the U.S. Equestrian Team.

# **PRIX DES NATIONS**





**WALTER STALEY**, 24-year-old from Missouri, was on 1932 Olympic team, is Pan-American Games winner.

**WILLIAM HADGARD**, 25-year-old businessman from Tennessee, was place on the team at Mearns trials.



**FRANK DUFFY**, 19-year-old from Michigan, also rode in Mexico's Pan-American Games, is team's youngest.

**JONATHAN BERTON**, 34-year-old Army major, was on Army Olympic team in 1948 and Army Prix team.

### THREE-DAY TEAM





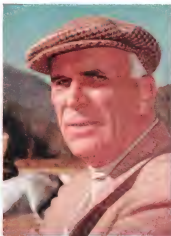
**ROBERT NORD**, 43, retired Army major from Oregon, is coach of Three-Day Team and veteran dressage entry.

**BOSTALAN DE NEMETHY**, Hungarian coach of Prix des Nations riders, has worked with team since January.



**SHIRLEY WATT**, 26-year-old from New Jersey, is the other dressage entry. Bad knee grounded her in 1964.

**JOHN TUPPER CYLE**, retired Army general, is team's manager, was a cavalry commander and Olympic rider.



## HORSES

continued from page 62

who prefer the more hazardous and equally skilled performance of the show jumper. The best presentation, in the opinion of the judges, will win. Their evaluation is based on the flexibility and lightness of the horse as well as the position and influence of the rider throughout the performance.

Among favorites for the dressage's individual gold medal are Henri St. Cyr, Sweden's Helsinki winner, and Denmark's Liz Hartel, the first woman to win an Equestrian Olympic medal. France's Colonel Jeannouze, an Olympic competitor since 1952, will again be present on Harpagon, who, however, is now around 20, a venerable age for a horse, and may lack his former polish and grace. Although women have been allowed to compete in the dressage phase since 1952, this year for the first time one has been chosen to compete in the Prix des Nations—for jumping, the third and most spectacular event of the Equestrian Olympics.

It is in no way surprising that Pat Smythe (see page 62), already immortalized at Madame Tassot's London waxworks, should be chosen for the British show jumping team, winners of the 1952 Nations team award. The individual medal goes to the rider with the lowest total of penalty points. (In 1952 a Czech won with no faults, the

only time this has been done.) Olympic scoring differs from the usual American procedure in this: touches do not count while time does. The contest is always exciting, with big and wide obstacles studding an intricate and secret course.

France's Pierre d'Orsola, 1952 individual winner, returns with a new mare, Voulette, in search of a second gold medal, but Italy feels that her Raimondo D'Inzeo is an equally strong favorite for the Olympic title. The Mexican team, which made their national anthem famous in Madison Square Garden horse shows, will not be in Stockholm to attempt a repeat of their 1948 victories. Political jealousies at home have led to the team's dispersal. Germany's Hans Winkler, whose amateur status was long in doubt, will be on hand with Halia, the mare on which he made an almost clean sweep of U.S. blues in 1954.

From Cambodia come Norodom Sihanouk's palace guards, who practice jumping with hands tied behind their backs, and from Japan the nucleus of a new team to attempt a repeat of their 1952 victory. The U.S. team, with its veteran and untired members, awaits the challenge, knowing that with horses you never can tell, and especially curious about just what will emerge from behind the Iron Curtain. The Russians were undistinguished in 1952, but no advance dope on their prospects this year has leaked out. (ENR)



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## SAM AND THE OPEN

*continued from page 31*

a bit farther than most people can.)

Some knowledgeable old golf hands contend that there never was and never will be a "natural golf swing," their argument being that the movements involved come naturally to no one and must be mastered. Be that as it may, if anyone was born to hit a golf ball, it was Sam. Propelling a ball with a stick is hardly less native to his talents than walking. In 1946, playing with one hand, his left—he toured the Homestead course at Hot Springs in consecutive rounds of 83, 82, 81. (This included holing a three-iron for a hole-in-one.) Last year, for the rarity of it, he played the Old White course at White Sulphur left-handed. He had an 86 which, with practice, he felt he could have improved on considerably. Sam can apparently play any which way and with any equipment.

Two years ago, in mind of his boyhood when he had banged at rocks with sticks of hickory and dogwood he had cut from the woods, he decided to see if he had lost that skill or enhanced it over the years. He found, growing near a creek, a piece of swamp maple which had a knobby bulge, shaped something like the head of a golf club, surring out of the "shaft." He trimmed down the shaft (which was about 48 inches long), got the head balanced, added a leather grip, and was ready to go. Using only this club and a wedge, he got around Old White in 76 shots. Other golfers couldn't get the ball off the ground with the homemade wood, but Sam could smack it great distances and once carried on his second shot into the trap before the green on the 17th, a fairly long par 5.

As this last feat of timing suggests, Sam has an extraordinary sensitivity for the "feel" of a shaft as it relates to the head of a club. As is generally known, he still uses the same driver he had back in 1937 when he shot into the spotlight. "You can put that driver," he claims, "into a room with 24 or 30 other drivers and then blindfold me and Ah'll go in and tell you which one it is." He has broken the club three times but has always gone back to it, for none of the duplicates made to replace it has struck him as having exactly the same nice balance or quite the same look as the head sits to the butt. The original shaft of that beautifully battered relic is still patched to the original head. For 15 years now the head has been cracked and the crack kept packed with wood filler. The

seasons have worn all the markings off the sole plate and the plate is as thin as a razor blade. The lead weight insert in the head, jockeyed about by impact, is all beat up. The insert in the face has been replaced three times. The complete antique has been refinished five times. Sam carries no brassie, going with the driver whenever he gets that rare blessing, a perfect beamie lie, and he plays his one-iron instead the rest of the time.

Over the years his swing has remained remarkably constant. "Ah've tried to keep it as simple as possible," he explains, "but Ah git those periods when mah backswing gits out o' whack. When that happens, Ah'll come too much over the ball and have to block the shot out with mah left hand. To correct things, Ah try not to change mah swing one easy bit. Ah've changed mah turn a li'l bit sometimes or reset the feet a trifle, but mostly Ah work to git mah timing back where Ah want it." Sam is almost unique among his colleagues in the deep pleasure he receives from picking up a club, when he is hanging around a course on a non-tournament day, and swinging it back and forth lazily and savoring that his rhythm is right. "When Ah play mah best," he once stated, "Ah feel Ah'm playin' with mah legs and mah feet."

Behind the natural golfer lies the natural athlete. During his boyhood in Hot Springs—his father worked as an engineer at the town power plant—Sam played all the sports in season. A halfback on the high school football team, he handled all the kicking and had a punting average of over 40 yards. He was one of a neighborhood bunch of five boys who began playing basketball together in the sixth grade and who went on to form the high school's starting five from their freshman through their senior years. Not a really tall man—he is only 5 foot 11 although he gives the impression of being much larger—Sam's coordination made him, as you would expect, an unusually good rebounder. In the spring he pitched for the school team and also for the town team, the redoubtable Independents. He sandwiched in some track since he could run the hundred in 10 flat. (Sam can still run like a youngster.) Since Hot Springs was a resort town, he also came into contact with tennis although most of his traffic with that sport was confined to beating a spoiled young star and receiving 588 every time he did so from the prima donna's appreciative father. "Ah had a good chop and not much else, that kind o' game," Sam has said of his tennis. He gravitated to golf quite by accident. In his senior year of high school, he broke his left hand playing football and took to swinging a club since



**FAMED FOR HIS FRUGALITY** and mountaineer's distrust of buses, Beaud's front lawn (as this make-eye view illustrates) is celebrated in legend as his private Fort Knox.

he had the idea it would help the hand to knit feistily and well. (Like Walter Hagen, who was also a gifted all-round athlete, Sam had, even as a boy, a great love of clothes. He spent many of his odd hours at his mother's sewing machine taking in or letting out the seats of trousers, making French cuffs, turning collars, lengthening jackets and generally bringing his inexpensive clothes more in line with those worn by the fashionable vacationers at the Springs. His mother thought he would probably become a tailor.)

#### THE RIDGE-RUNNER

Above all, Sam was at home in the woods and the mountains: behind the natural athletes lies the natural backwoodsman, the "ridge-runner" of the Appalachians. He began hunting when he was nine. As a fisherman, he became adept enough to catch trout with his bare hands. "When you know the spots in the pools where they gather," he once described this recalcitrant art, "why, you jes' reach in with your hand and rub them along the belly, workin' up towards the h'd. You work up softly-likes and then, ping!—you pinch that trout right back o' the gills." In wintertime he trapped—fox, coon, possum, rabbit, wildcat and weasel, also skunk and mountain hawk since you get \$1 for a skunk's hide and a \$5 bounty for every hawk. In Sam's geek of the woods the man who could bring in a wildcat alive was highly esteemed. Sam brought in three. "Man, Ah really knew those hilds," he was recalling recently. "Ah knew the name of everythin' that moved and every li' bush and shrub."

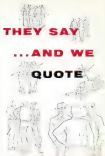
Two decades in the somewhat more civilized frontier belt of professional golf have dulled the instincts of the natural ridge-runner hardly at all. For example, if the whole parade of touring pros were to walk behind a fence which covered them from view from the knees up, Sam could identify each of them simply from the way he walked. He still gives full play, as the woodsman does, to all his instincts and senses. "You know, you can be in the woods," he has said, "and you know there's somethin' close to you though you can't see it or smell it or hear it. Some extra sense tells you it's there, and if you wait, you learn it always is. Ah always make it a point to heed that intuition." This brings up an interesting theory about Sam. Many veteran golf observers are of the opinion that this sensitivity to everything that may be stirring, wondrous as it is for the hunter, can be quite injurious to the tournament golfer. To say it straighter, they

think that one of Sam's major handicaps has been that he heeds too much on the golf course. On the other hand, they point out, there is Ben Hogan, the complete opposite extreme, who has trained himself to notice only what is beneficial to his golf and who, walled off in his isolation booth of concentration, has no memory after a tough round of exchanging a hello with an old friend, who cannot even remember having seen the friend on the course. In any event, Sam is inveterately less relaxed in a strokes-play tourney when he has the always phantom field to worry about than he is in match play when he knows he has to heed only what he sees happening.

While the vagaries of temperament may account to a fair degree for Sam's inability to work all the wonders of which he is capable, there are, naturally, other more terrestrial contributing factors. To begin with, there are days and weeks, as there must be, in which, superlative shotmaker that he is, other great contemporary stars simply play better golf than he does. Then, too, there are times when the wisdom of his over-all strategy or his immediate tactics is questionable. When Sead is in a bellwether mood, he sometimes will drill for every pin. On a tricky, punitive course, this can be costly. (Gene Sarazen, one of Sam's strongest admirers, has long thought that if Sam had spent more time caddying, he would have breathed in right through the pores a shrewder sense of when to gamble, when not to.) On other occasions, when he has made up his mind to take the conservative, steady route and walk hand in hand with par, Sam, that extremely human being, tends to inhibit his flair for scoring. On those days a gifted observer, such as Al Laney of the *New York Herald Tribune*, can tell after watching Sam play only a hole or two that he is not in a "winning mood" or likely to be.

Apart from all of this, to be sure, there is Sam's putting. For many summers it has been so infuriating a cliché to point out that erratic putting has been Sam's Achilles' heel that, for an almost equally long time, it has been hardly less bromidical to assert that this is not precisely so, that Sam has a nice rhythmic stroke, is one of the best approach putters in the business and is a darn good holter from around 12 to 25 feet. While this is substantially supportable, nevertheless it is incontestable that Sam's work on the greens can be so profligate it breaks your heart.

continued on next page



- "Longest ball off the tee I ever played."
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Looke and Johnny Balla. He was the last of the contenders to go out in the vilest wind that was rampaging over the course. After the first four holes, he was three over par, two three-patt greens playing their share in this. "Now that fifth, that's a long hole, over 500 yards," he has recounted. "Mah drive was way over to the left, way over in Hell Bunker on the next fairway. Ah hit a three-iron out and Ah really tagged it, but that wind jes' flipped it around like it was a kite. That ball sailed right across two fairways and lands up in the rough in that prickly pear sort o' bush then Scotchmen call whins. Ah'm lucky, though. Mah ball is lyin' in them whins jes' where there's a fl' ole rabbit path, jes' wide enough for me to swing mah club through. Ah really whooshed that ball out but Ah'm in more trouble. Ah'm in that deep bunker to the left o' the green. Ah've got to git up close. Ah'm three over par. Ah'm hurtin' alridgy. So Ah give that bunker shot that I'll extra whip and Ah catch it real good but it gets stuffed out in the grass at the top o' that bunker and barely slides onto that green. Ah still got a long, long putt but Ah stroke it up close and Ah hole that pesky I'll short one. Ah'm tellin' yoa, that was the greatest 4 Ah ever made in mah life."

#### A MATTER OF MOOD

Sam went to the turn in 40. He learned then that none of the other frontrunners had been able to do any better. He ripped home in 25 and won, going away, by four shots.

When Sam is as tenaciously disposed as he was at St. Andrews, the magnetic, volatile picture-player can win any tournament, even the National Open. The right attitude, arriving with it and maintaining it—that, of course, is the big trick. It necessarily becomes a bigger trick every year, for his multiple disappointments have inexorably bred overdetermination and over-mulling not to mention overdrive from friends who have counseled him to do everything from "get sore and serious sooner" to "make believe you're just losing through a practice round in the West Virginia Open." If Sam wins the 1966 Open it will be an enormous victory of spirit as well as of skill. The rejoicing will be something to remember. And if he doesn't—why, we will all patiently wait till next year and resume hoping just as hard. It is the least you can do when a fellow has played the game so beautifully and so well for so long. (C.W.)



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### INDIANAPOLIS "500"

continued from page 41

He can started spinning toward the pits and a crew of mechanics working on the engine of Jehanik Tolan's Trio Brass Foundry Special. It was a sickening sight to watch, for it seemed impossible he could avoid mangling at least several people. Yet some form of providence scattered the mechanics' and a fractured leg for one of them was the only injury.

It was 15 minutes before the wrecks and debris were cleared from the track and racing could resume in earnest. With Blamo out, it was now a two-car battle between O'Connor and Flaherty—a now-it's-yours, now-it's-mine duel for 20 laps.

## SCRAMBLED STAGE

Suddenly, with the leaders in their 49th lap, the yellow flag again interrupted the race. Ray Crawford, the 1956 Pan-American Road Race winner, had spun out of the northwest turn with no one near him and mangled his car on the wall. Here, while the pace was relaxed, many drivers—Flaherty included—took time for their first pit stops, to pick up more fuel and a change of tire. As inevitably happens at this stage in the race, the lead was scrambled, with Johnnie Parsons, the 1959 winner, and Don Freeland each holding first place briefly until they too had to make their stop.

By the 73th lap all the contenders had had at least one service stop, the green flag was again flying, the full-speed roar was on, and it was again possible to take some sensible bearings on the standings. It was at this point that Pat Flaherty put No. 8 in front for good. From there until he took the checkered flag, one simply kept track of his pursuers.

For a while the order of pursuit was Freedland, Bob Sweikert and Sam Hanna, whose left front wheel was slightly askew after tangleing with another car in the four-car mix-up following Russo's crash. On the 38th lap Freedland dropped back to fourth when his car spun on the backstretch and scraped the wall. Hanna having passed Sweikert, the order of pursuit became Hanna, Sweikert and Freedland as the cars swept through the 100th lap and half the race was over.

As the race wore on, it grew abundantly clear that the hare-and-hounds between Flaherty and the rest of the field was heavily loaded in favor of the hare. By the 131st lap, when Bob Swickert took his spin on the

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## Scramble

The entire family is enjoying my husband's first subscription to *Smooers Illustrated*, and with three boys in the family, there's always a scramble for first bats.

Mrs. F. B. Macmillan, Jr.  
 Rahway, New Jersey

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Atlantic City, the Boardwalk

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

continued from page 13

or Dale Long would not hit home runs out of any park? The shortening of a fence or the insertion of a trick bleacher section makes very little difference to the true slugger. Mel Ott had the short right field wall at the Polo Grounds but, like the true sluggers, he seldom hit cheap home runs. Had he, he probably could have wrecked Ruth's record.

So, continue the dissent, isn't the American League changing over to a concept of speed and hit-and-run? Yes, Cleveland may be faster. But Al Lopez would much rather have Al Rosen lead the league in home runs and run-batted-in again. Just ask him. Put the ball over the fence and you don't need speed. Neither do the guys on base in front of you. I'll give you all the 10-second men you want. Give me the guys who can sock the ball out of the park and they'll have the sprinters' tongues hanging out chasing base hits.

Brooklyn wins on sheer power. Whoever succeeds them will succeed on power. Anyone can tick off the old New York Giants' big four pitchers (Hubbell, Parnesse, Schumacher, Fitzsimmons) or the new Cleveland's (Lemon, Seare, Wynn, Garcia). But try to name the Brooklyn Dodgers' rotation for any one of their pennant-winning years. Johnny Podres was a Series hero last year but not exactly a terror on the hill in league play. The plain truth is any pitcher who can keep his earned-run average below four will suffice for the Dodgers. Podres shutout the Yankees in the crucial game last year. But in the crisis games (when Brooklyn was down 2-0 in games to the Yankees) it was Brooklyn bats (Campanella got six hits for 14 times at bat—two homers, two doubles, four run-batted-in—in those games) which won.

The picture is clear. The National League manager of today understands the dynamics of power baseball and the spectacle of a Seider or Hodges or Long bunting is spared the once long-suffering fan who can now take heart in the fact that the spirit of John McGraw is dead. The Yankees can go on winning those "exhibition" games in the Junior circuit like the Harlem Globetrotters playing hometown in Iowa. They'll get their real competition in the World Series in the fall. With two World Series wins in a row, with five out of six of the last All-Star Games, there is a new cockiness in the league of Seider and Robinson. Instead of "Break Up the Yankees!" it's "Bring On the Yankees!" (EWB)

## THE READERS TAKE OVER

## NOT BEGGING, BUT SELLING

Sir:

With its story on the admission of Texas Tech to the Southwest Conference (E & D, May 28), SI stamps itself as a national magazine, catering to the efforts East and the middle-class Middle West. Had SI really been sincere in its desire to report the facts it could have done a worthy job. SI writers can write. It's too bad they don't spend more time doing it and less trying to be cute. It's a popular big city notion that factual writing is not understood by the populace. Never, never write two facts if one vignette can suffice in the slogan.

Texas Tech has not been "begging" to be admitted to the Southwest Conference. Had you gone into facts you would have realized that Tech submitted applications for membership, a far cry from begging. It was selling. After all, if the instructions of the SWC honestly did not want Tech as a member, they could once again have voted against it.

Texas Tech, the second largest state school in the nation's largest state, has been playing football with SWC members since 1926, and visiting SWC teams have taken more money out of Tech parents than they have with most nonconference foes.

You are ignorant of everything in the

South Plains and prove it to everyone living in Texas.

JOE KELLY

Sports Editor

Lubbock Avalanche-Journal

Lubbock, Texas

## WHAT HAS TECH TO OFFER?

Sir:

It over a clear case of begging edited the case of Texas Tech and its struggle with the Southwest Conference (that baby of all conferences) was fully within the limits of that word. SI's case must have traveled in Texas, and particularly in this part, when he so aptly called the locals "country cousins." A bigger farm town with as little to offer the SWC could not be found. . . .

Athletically, you should have seen the contest as Texas Tech's brow when it appeared they might have to lose Synonym in the San Bowl. They were lucky to get off with Wyoming—and then got win-handled.

SI need not worry its circulation head about this part of the woods. The magazine has just a little too much refinement, poise and dignity to be comprehended in this outpost.

You could next be accused of being in league with the Supreme Court!

HENRY G. JOHNSON

Lubbock, Texas

## AS OTHERS SEE US

Sir:

I, like many others who did not attend Texas Tech, have become an avid Tech booster thanks to your ridiculous gossip and satirical article. Why don't you people just admit that you are so jealous of Texas and so filled with envy that you need resort to sarcasm and ill-mannered puns. Actually it only humiliates you in the proper light.

EAROLD JONES

Lubbock, Texas

## TECH'S FOND MEMORIES

Sir:

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## MR. CAPER



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double that year article does portray the forces and factors that came into being at the May meeting of the Southwest Conference in Fayetteville, Arkansas.

We believe that Texas Tech will be a regular Cotton Bowl contender, but we also think that it would be interesting for football fans to look back at the Cotton Bowl records and see that the Red Raiders played in the Cotton Bowl in 1939. At that time only two teams of the Southwest Conference had played there (TCU in 1917 and Rice in 1925).

PAT ELLERMEYER

Mason, Texas

• When Texas Tech was asked to play that '39 game the Cotton Bowl was in its infancy and had no official connection with the Southwest Conference, whose champions that year preferred to make the long trip to New Orleans' better-established Sugar Bowl. The Cotton Bowl was invented in 1927 by J. Curtis Sanford, a Dallas citizen of strong and uninhibited imagination, unbounded optimism and a quick draw from the wallet pocket. To combat public apathy for his personal New Year game, Sanford resorted to some of the weirdest promotion in the history of football. For his first game (TCU against Marquette) Sanford mailed out invitations to 1,200 high school bands to play in his bowl. Sixty-seven band leaders, each thinking that his boys would be the only ones there, accepted. On New Year's Day some 7,000 instrument-toting musicians in 67 buses tied up Dallas in the worst traffic jam of its history. For successive games Sanford provided aerial herds, fire-engine rides, and at kick-off time 48 beams of homing pigeons supposedly winging their way with greetings from Dallas to the governor of each of the 48 states. Actually the birds returned to their home coop two miles across the Trinity River. In 1940 operation of the Cotton Bowl was turned over to the Southwest Conference, which shortly made annual attendance obligatory for its champions, a fact which has made it one of the most successful and affluent of bowl games.—E.D.

#### THE REASON WHY

Here:

It's hard to see what the Southwest Conference has gained by the admission of Texas Tech. Tech generally manages to field a respectable team each fall, but certainly its new status as a full member of the SWC adds little or nothing to that conference's prestige. Perhaps the answer to "why invite Tech?" is the same as Malady's to "why drink Meade River?" because it's there.

"RED" LYNETTE

St. Louis Park, Minn.

• In "The Ayes of Texas" (E & D, May 28) S3 did not pass judgment on

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Texas Tech's qualifications for membership in SWC, but reported some of the highlights of 30 years of blood, sweat and economic reprisals that finally gained it admittance and some of the high jinks with which the great news was greeted.—ED.

#### RALPH DE PALMA

Sir:

It may have been there, but if it was I missed it and I do not relax very much in my SI.

I am thinking of the passing of one of the world's finest sportsmen, a wonderful friend and a true gentleman:

RALPH DE PALMA  
1900-1966

It just seems that SI should have made some mention of his death.

May 30 at the 100-mile race in Indianapolis will never be the same.

DR. L. L. FURBER

La Jolla, Calif.

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THE LATE RALPH DE PALMA

• Ralph De Palma, pioneer auto racer who won more races than any other man (2,557 out of 2,889 entered), died March 31, age 73 (see "Miscellaneous," SI, April 9). De Palma came to the U.S. from Italy as a boy of 16, graduated from bicycle racing to drive in the era of such greats as Barney Oldfield and Eddie Rickenbacker and went on to dominate the field for a decade. De Palma won the AAA national championships in 1912 and 1914, took the 1915 Indianapolis "500" with a record average speed of 89.84 mph. In 1920 he pushed one of his special racers to set a record of 149.875 mph. De Palma retired from racing in 1924 and assumed a variety of engineering, sales and publicity positions during the next 26 years. At his death De Palma still held the never-equalled distinction of leading Indianapolis "500" fields for 433 laps.—ED.

#### OUR BRITISH BROTHER

Sir:

Many thanks for the very fine story on John Landy by Paul O'Neil (SI, May 21). Some of Mr. O'Neil's phrases have the Churchill touch: "busting like blown turn-of-mind," "russing like some tanned lava" (continued on next page)

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MAY 1964

continued from page 77

courier," "led into the final lap," "reeling down the stretch," to mention a few.

We Canadians are extremely proud of our British brother from down under and are delighted to note the good work he has done on this trip to our American cousins.

J. W. ROSS

Montreal

● In describing the movement of John Landy, Paul O'Neill is describing the exact opposite of himself as a writer. When Mr. O'Neill fastens himself to the chair before his typewriter he is finally committed, and unlike Landy he does not fowl like a tumbleweed, run like an Inca courier, flee or budge from his machine until the task is done. In this, Mr. O'Neill is also unlike some of his fellow SI writers who like to pass the balls, tidy up their offices, clean their typewriters or change their ribbons while awaiting the Churchillian flash of inspiration.—ED.

**A NOG FOR THE HUSKIES**

Six:

Your answers to "Which do you love more, your house or your dog?" gave the house the nod, it seems (Horse, May 14).

My two sons and I race Siberian huskies for a hobby. Nine to 15 fast racing dogs controlled over difficult terrain by voice alone cannot be matched by anything horses do.

Siberians are working sled dogs, pets, guardians, hunters, and now are being tested for Seeing Eye Dogs in New Jersey.

RICHARD D. BRALLIER

Anchorage, Alaska

**SCRAPING THE BARREL**

Six:

In order that SI may be fully cognizant of the attitude of the press in Los Angeles concerning the UCLA suspension (E & D, May 28), I quote from the columns of Sid Zell, sports editor of the Los Angeles Mirror-News: "The brave Bruins may be forced to play Michigan, S.C. and California next year with students."

HENRY A. SCHULTE

Los Angeles

**THE GRANDEST BUNCH**

Six:

The lineup and batting order of the greatest baseball team of all time (19th Hour, April 30), in my opinion, with which no one will agree, was: Morin, Cather, r.f.; Evans, 2nd b.; Connolly, Mann, 11.; Whitford, c.f.; Schmidt, 1st b.; Red Smith, Deal, 3rd b.; Massville, s.; Gowdy, c.; James, Rudolph, Tyler, p.; Stallings, mgr.

Between September 1st and October 19th, 1914, this team could have beaten any team that ever played in a seven-game series. How many of those names are familiar to the fans of this day and age?

In spite of the wane of the presence of Leslie Mann, the profanity that emanated from their bench in the old Braves hardball field probably holds an all-time record. They were a grand bunch.

ROBERT W. WOOD JR.

Princeton, N.J.

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5/7/64



# THE CORGI

I am interested in obtaining more details on the Welsh Corgi (St. May 25), with the possible interest in mind of obtaining a pup of this breed. I wonder if you would find it convenient to check and advise the name of two or three top kennels?

G. L. TOWNSEND

Oklahoma City



CORGIS WITH PRINCESS



CORGI ON HONEYMOON

• The Pembroke Welsh Corgi, according to some breed historians, was introduced to Wales in 1107 by a group of Flemish weavers who used the small animals as cattle drivers. It was not until 1928 that the breed was admitted to the English Kennel Club Register and shortly thereafter it began to appear in the U.S. The greatest boost the breed ever received came from King George VI of England, who gave Dookie and Jane, two Corgi pups, to his daughters Elizabeth and Margaret Rose (see picture). These dogs became so much a part of the household that Queen Elizabeth took Sue, who succeeded the original pups, on her honeymoon (see picture). Among those who breed and sell these intelligent and friendly animals are Miss Carol Rover, P.O. Box 235, San Rafael, Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. John L. Leety, 7799 N. 14th St., Phoenix, Ariz.; Mrs. Clarence W. Van Beyaun, Willow Farm, Portland, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. Philip A. Cleland, Hawken Lane, R.F.D. 1, West Redding, Conn.—ED.

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## **PAT ON THE BACK**

### **BONTHRON & BONTHRON**

Another Bonthron runs for Princeton these days. Sophomore Jimmy, 19, has won his two-mile specialty against Columbia, placed in other meets. Father Bill (Princeton, '34), now a New York accountant, made track history in the 1930s by stirring mile duels with Glenn Cunningham.



### **FOXX & FOXX**

Another Foxx makes his baseball debut in record style. Jimmy Jr., 11, shows his proud father how he pitched his recent no-hit, no-run game for the Coral Gables (Fla.) Police Benevolent Association team. Hall of Fame member Jimmy Sr. now coaches baseball at University of Miami.

### **JAMES BRIGGS**

Another Briggs heads for the big leagues. After picking up pointers in spring training this year with the Detroit Tigers, owned by father Spies, Jimmy, 18, struck out 16 in his first start for the Canterbury (New Milford, Conn.) School. His record for the season, 3-2; batting average, .392.





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